National Anti-Slavery Standard.

S. H. GAY, OLIVER JOHNSON, } ..... Editors. | Without Concealment—Without Compromise. | EDMUND QUINCY, Corresponding Editor.

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Selections.

MR. EVERETT'S RECORD.

APRIL 19, 1825, Edward Everett delivered an oration at Concord, from which we extract the following passages:

"What remains, then, but to guard the precious birthright of our liberties; to draw from the soil which we inhabit a consistency in the principles so nobly vindicated and sacredly sealed thereon? It shall never be said, while distant regions, wheresoever the temples of freedom are reared, are sending back their thoughts to the plains of Lexington and Concord, for their brightest and purest examples of patriotic daring, that we, whose lives are cast on these favoured spots, can become indifferent to the [illegible] from every sod of the valley. Those principles, which others may adopt on the colder ground of reason and truth, we are bound to support by the dearest and deepest feelings. Wheresoever the torch of liberty shall expire, wheresoever the manly simplicity of our land shall perish beneath the poison of luxury, wheresoever the cause which called our fathers this day to arms, and the principles which sustained their hearts in that stern encounter, may be deserted or betrayed, it shall not, fellow-citizens, it shall not be on the soil which was moistened with their blood. The names of Marathon and Thermopylæ, after ages of subjection, still nerve the arm of the Greek patriot; and should the foot of a tyrant or of a slave approach these venerated spots, the noble hearts that bled at Lexington and Concord, 'all dust as they are,' would beat beneath the sod with indignation."

Near the close, he said:

"And ages still farther on, when the monument itself, like those who built it, shall have crumbled to dust, the happy aspect of the land which our fathers redeemed shall remain one common, eternal monument to their memory."

Some persons have remembered these expressions since he delivered that snivelling speech on the Nebraska bill, in which he maintains that the repeal of the Missouri Compromise is of little consequence, as, in his view, Slavery is not likey to *prevail there*; and although the free soil of Nebraska may be trod and transformed by the feet of tyrants and slaves, they will not be there in "large numbers." Some are disposed to find in the Concord speech a bright, youthful, classical admiration of liberty, whose freshness had not been worn away by the discipline of pro-slavery politics; and they place this in contrast with the cold, selfish, politic ambition so abundantly manifest in his recent Senatorial demonstration.

But Mr. Everett has never seemed to us capable of glowing enthusiasm for liberty. To us his rhetoric is always cold, and never more so than when most glittering. His elocution has no magnetism. We feel no beating heart, no fire of a glowing soul in his orations. When we hear him speak, we can admire his polished sentences and his carefully managed voice, but we always miss that live meaning and force, without which true eloquence is impossible. At Concord, his admiration of liberty was perhaps classical; but was nevertheless unreal. In December, 1825, he entered Congress as the representative of the "plains of Concord and Lexington." It was his first appearance in that body; and, March 9, 1826, he made a speech in the House, in which he defended and eulogized Slavery so extravagantly as to shock slaveholders and to draw upon himself some of the most scornful and withering rebukes ever heard there. Here are some sentences from that speech:

"Sir, I am no soldier. My habits and education are very unmilitary; but there is no cause in which I would sooner buckle a knapsack on my back, and put a musket on my shoulder, than that of putting down a servile insurrection at the South." "*The great relation of servitude, in some form or other*, with greater or less departure from the *theoretic equality of men*, is INSEPARABLE FROM OUR NATURE." "Domestic Slavery is not, in my judgment, to be set down as an immoral or irreligious relation. No, Sir, the New Testament says, 'slaves, obey your masters.' I can not admit that its duties are not pre-supposed and sanctioned by religion." "I know of no way by which the form of this servitude can be fixed, but by *political institution*."

He was followed by Mr. Mitchell, of Tennessee—a slaveholder, and the representative of slaveholders—who said, with the earnest tone of indignation:

"Sir, I do not go the length of the gentleman from Massachusetts, and hold that the existence of Slavery in this country is almost a blessing. On the contrary, I am firmly settled in the opinion that it is a great curse—one of the greatest evils that could have been interwoven into our system. I, Mr. Chairman, am one of those whom these poor wretches call master. I do not task them; I feed and clothe them well; but yet, alas, sir, they are slaves, and Slavery is a curse in any shape."

The base and abject tone of Mr. Everett's speech roused the indignant scorn of the celebrated John Randolph, who fastened his fiery eye upon him, stretched forth that long and eloquent finger, and said, with indescribable scorn and contempt:

"Sir, I envy neither the head nor the heart of that man from the North who rises here to defend Slavery upon principle!"

Churchill C. Cambreleng, of New York, ashamed of this recreant representative of the soil of Lexington and Concord, hurled the "live thunder" of indignation at him as follows:

"The gentleman from Massachusetts has gone too far. He has expressed opinions which ought not to escape without animadversion. I heard them with equal surprise and regret. I was astonished to hear him declare that Slavery, 'domestic Slavery, say what men will, is a condition of life as well as any other, to be justified by morality, religion, and international law,' and when at the close of his opinion, he solemnly declared that this was his 'confession of faith,' I lamented, sincerely lamented, that

'Star-eyed science should have wandered there
To bring us back the message of despair.'"

"If, sir, amid the wild visions of German philosophy, I had arrived at conclusions like this; if, in the Aulæ of Gottingen, I had ever persuaded myself to adopt a political maxim so hostile to literal institutions and the rights of mankind, I would have locked it up forever in the darkest chamber of my mind. Or, if my zeal had been too ardent for my discretion, this place, at least, should never have been the theatre of my eloquence. No, sir, if such had been my doctrines, I would have turned my back forever on my native land. Following the course of the dark rolling Danube, and cutting my way across the Euxine, I would have visited a well-known market place of Constantinople, and there preached my doctrines amidst the rattling chains of the wretched captives. Nay, sir, I would have gone thence and laid my forehead upon the footstool of the Sultan, and besought him to set his foot upon my neck, as the recreant citizen of a recreant republic."

Mr. Everett made no reply to these blasting expressions of rebuke. They made him shrink and writhe, but he kept silence and said not a word to maintain his position. This was the man who had talked, over the ashes of the first martyrs of the revolution, of drawing from the soil they hallowed, "a consistency in the principles so nobly vindicated and sacredly sealed thereon;" and this was his mode of representing that soil. He has been always, the same, always weak and unmanly where brave manhood is necessary, and always so cold and calculating as to fail of seeing accurately that other men can be more in earnest than himself. Have his friends forgotten that dainty flourish of trumpets with which he began his career in the Senate a year ago? Are they likely to forget how he smiled and bowed in every direction, and elaborated nauseating compliments to the "distinguished Senator from Illinois," until they blushed for him and covered their faces?

Mr. Everett misrepresents Massachusetts. To defend him or apologise for him would be to dishonour great principles and promote depravity of public sentiment. If the welfare of the country is to be rescued from political profligacy; we must be true and faithful in dealing with our representatives. The traitors must be branded; the weak and unmanly must be exhibited as they are; the contemptible political "Miss Nancys" must be hustled out of the way; we must have Northern MEN in Congress. —*Boston Commonwealth.*

SLAVERY IN THE RED RIVER COUNTRY.

From Letters of the Travelling Correspondent of the New York Times.

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THE first night of our journey we stopped at a cabin, to which we had been recommended as one of the best houses on the road. This was in Louisiana. The family occupying it had removed to their present plantation thirty years ago, from South Carolina. They possessed a large number of negroes, and probably sold several thousand dollars' worth of cotton yearly. Their habitation was of logs—a *double* cabin; that is, two rooms, with a space or hall between, and a shed in front. In each room were several beds. In one room there was a window without glass, but closed by a shutter. In the other room there was no window; but half of one end was entirely open, and the air poured in upon us furiously at night. The table was waited upon by two negroes, but the food was exceedingly coarse and badly cooked. It consisted, at supper and breakfast, of fried bacon, roast potatoes, corn bread and coffee.

We have spent two days and nights in Texas, at the residence of a gentleman of considerable consequence in the community. Indeed, he intimated to us that a good many of his neighbours thought hard of him because "he had something else to do better than spending all his time drinking and carrying on with them." He had lived in Texas nearly fifteen years, and had acquired a fortune of at least $40,000. The residence of this gentleman was built of logs, two stories high, having two rooms, with a hall between and a gallery in front, in each story. There were also rooms made for the servants by boarding in a part of the rear gallery. The rooms were well lighted, and the windows had once been glazed; but of eighty panes which originally stood in those of the first story, but thirty remained unbroken. Not a door in the house was furnished with latch or lock, or even string.

When they were closed, it was necessary to *claw* them, and a neighbour, who experienced this difficulty, remarked, with serious admiration, how well the doors fitted. One of the family had lately had a hemorrhage of the lungs, and before we left was laid on his bed with illness, much wondering what had occasioned it. He sat at the supper-table the night before, with a fireplace opposite him, a window open at his side, and an outside door behind—the thermometer being at the time below 32° F. Two negro girls waited on us at table; but there was nothing wholesome or palatable to eat except potatoes roasted in the ashes and corn bread—the latter being really excellent, as it happened—the best I have ever eaten. Coffee—or a black, acrid, hot liquid, called by that name—was drank by each member of the family, from the babe to the consumptive, at each meal. So, also, fried pork or bacon was in demand, morning, noon, and night. The butter was abominable. There was no other bread or farinaceous food than what I have mentioned. They had no wheat flour in the house, and told us that no one about them ever used it. It was too much trouble to get it. Yet steamboats, by which they sent their cotton to New Orleans, were frequently passing near them in the river, often loaded with flour. They had no well or cistern; the water used in the family was brought from a stream a quarter of a mile distant, in buckets on the heads of the negro girls. These girls—the same who waited on the table—were dressed in garments of twilled cotton—originally white, but now much the same in appearance as if they had been drawn through a long stove-pipe, two sizes two small for them.

The cabins of the negroes on the plantation were mere pens of small logs, with a roof of split boards about two feet square, having but one apartment for a family. A cat could jump out of the cabins, between the logs, in any direction. The slaves were insufficiently clothed for the weather, and exceedingly ragged and dirty. On an adjoining plantation, we saw a girl of twelve, sitting on a log heap before the gate of the owner's residence, with nothing at all on her but dirt and an old chemise. Snow had fallen two inches in depth the day before, and had then barely melted off. We were suffering with cold on horseback, with overcoats and the thickest clothing on.

We have spent one night at the house of a woman who was brought up at the North. Remarking that there was much more comfort at her house then any we had previously stopped at, she informed us of this, and told us that the only reason that the people didn't have any comfort here was, that they wouldn't take any trouble to get anything. Anything that their negroes could make they would eat, but they would take no pains to instruct them or to get anything that didn't grow on the plantation. She knew a man who owned fifty cows, she supposed, that very rarely had any milk and scarcely ever had any butter, simply because his people were too lazy to milk or churn, and he wouldn't take the trouble to make them do it.

This woman entirely sustained the assertion that Northern people, when they come to the South, have less feeling for the negroes than Southerners themselves usually have. We asked her (she lived in a village) whether she hired or owned her servants. They owned them all, she said. When they first came to Texas, they hired servants, but it was very troublesome; they would take no interest in anything, and she couldn't get along with them. Then very often their owners, on some pretext (ill treatment, perhaps), would take them away. Then they bought negroes. It was very expensive: a good negro girl cost seven or eight hundred dollars, and that, we must know, was a great deal of money to be laid out in a thing that might lie right down the next day and die. They were not much better either than the hired servants. Folks up North talked about how badly the negroes were treated; she wished they could see how much work her girls did. She had four of them, and she knew they didn't do half so much work as one good Dutch girl such as she used to have at the North. Oh! the negroes were the laziest things in creation; there was no knowing how much trouble they gave to look after them. Up to the North, if a girl went out into the garden for anything, when she came back she would clean her feet, but these nigger girls will stump right in and track mud all over the house. What do they care? They'd just as lief clean the mud after themselves as anything else—*their time isn't any value to themselves*. What do they care for the trouble it gives you? Not a bit. And you may scold 'em and whip 'em—you never can break 'em into better habits.

I asked what were servants' wages when they were hired out to do housework. "They were paid seven or eight dollars per month; sometimes ten. She didn't use to pay her girl at the North but four dollars, and she knew she would do more work than any six of the niggers, and not give half so much trouble as one. But you couldn't get any other help here but niggers. Northern folks talk about abolishing Slavery, but there wouldn't be any use in that; that would be ridiculous, unless you could some way get rid of the niggers. Why, they'd murder us all in our beds—that's what they'd do. Why, over to Fannin there was a negro woman that killed her mistress with an axe, and her two little ones. The people just flocked together and hung her right up on the spot; they ought to have piled some wood round her and burnt her to death; that would have been a good lesson to the rest. We afterwards heard her scolding one of her girls; the girl made some exculpatory reply, and getting the best of the argument, the mistress angrily told her if she said another word she would have two hundred lashes given her. She came in and remarked that if she hadn't felt so nervous she would have given that girl a good whipping herself; these niggers are so saucy, it's very *trying* to one who has to take care of them.

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But the most interesting subject to Northerners which was talked of was brought up by two gentlemen speaking of the house where they spent the previous night. "The man made a white boy, fourteen or fifteen years old, get up and go out in the norther for wood, when there was a great, strong nigger fellow lying on the floor doing nothing. God! I had an appetite to give him a hundred, right there."

"Why, you wouldn't go out into the norther, yourself, would you, if you were not forced to?" inquired one, laughingly.

"I wouldn't have a nigger in my house that I was afraid to set to work at anything I wanted him to do at any time. They'd hired him out to go to a new place next Thursday, and they were afraid, if they didn't treat him well, he'd run away. If I couldn't break a nigger of running away, I wouldn't have him any how."

"I can tell you how you can break a nigger of running away, certain," said another. "There was an old fellow I used to know, in Georgia, that always cured his so. If a nigger run away, when he caught him, he would bind his knee over a log, and fasten him so he couldn't stir; then he'd take a pair of pinchers and pull one of his toe-nails out by the roots; and tell him that if he ever run away again he would pull out two of them, and if he ran away again after that he told them he'd pull out four of them, and so on, doubling each time. The nigger [illegible] to do it more than twice—it always cured them."

One of the company then said that he was at the present time in pursuit of a negro. He had bought him of a connection of his in Mississippi; he told him when he bought him that he was a great runaway. He had run away from him three times, and always when they caught him he was trying to *get back to Illinois*; that was the reason he sold him: "He offered him to me cheap," he continued, "and I bought him because he was a first-rate nigger, and I thought, perhaps, I could break him of running away by bringing him down to this new country. I expect he's making for Mexico now. I am a-most sure I saw his tracks on the road about twelve miles back, where he was a-coming on this way, night before last. I engaged with a man who's got some first-rate nigger dogs to meet me here to-night, but I suppose the cold keeps him back." He then asked us to look out for him as we went on west, and gave us a minute description of him, that we might recognise him. He was "a real black nigger," and carried off a double-barrelled gun with him. Another man, who was going on by another road westward, offered to look for him that way, and to advertise him. Would he be likely to defend himself with the gun if he should try to secure him, he asked. The owner said he had no doubt he would. He was as humble a nigger when he was at work as ever he had seen, but he was a mighty resolute nigger; there was no man had more resolution. "Couldn't I induce him to let me take the gun by pretending I wanted to look at it, or something? I'd talk to him simple; make as if I was a stranger, and ask him about the road, and so on, and finally ask him what for a gun he had got, and ask him to let me look at it." The owner didn't believe he would let go of the gun; he was a "nigger of sense—as much sense as a white man; he was not one of your kinkey-headed niggers." The chances of catching him were discussed. Some thought they were good, and some that the owner might almost as well give it up, he'd got such a start. It was three hundred miles to the Mexican frontier, and he'd have to make fires to cook the game he would kill, and could travel only at night; but then every nigger or Mexican he could find would help him; and if he had so much sense, he'd manage to find out his way pretty straight and yet not have white folks see him.

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It has seemed to me, in travelling through Texas, more generally, as if the people knew and felt the cruelty and injustice of their customary treatment of the negro, and were determined to continue it, because they were able to. Hitherto, in the South, I have more commonly felt that the people had merely dull eyes and lymphatic consciences for the right and wrong of the matter; but in Texas, instead, of *pishing* away the subject, or smiling at the childishness of the negroes, it is "Damn the niggers, and who has anything to say about it!" Everybody would be cruel as Lucifer if they were not so much more lazy.

I remember, now, one gentleman of property in Eastern Texas sitting with us one night, "spitting in the fire," and talking about Cotton. Bad luck he had had—only 4 1-2 bales to the hand; couldn't account for it—bad luck; and next year he didn't reckon nothing else but that there would be a general war in Europe, and then he'd be in a pretty fix, with cotton down to 4 cents a pound. Curse those Turks! If he thought there would be a general war, he would take every d——d nigger he'd got right down to New Orleans, and sell them for what they'd bring. They'd never be so high again as they are now, and if there should come a general war they wouldn't be worth half so much next year. There always were some infernal rascals somewhere in the world trying to prevent an honest man from getting a living. Oh, if they got to fighting, he hoped they' eat each other up. They just ought to be, all of them—Turks and Russians, and Prussians, and Dutchmen and Frenchmen—all of them just be put in a bag together, and slung into hell. That's what he'd do with them.

To-day, I met a free-labour cotton-planter.

It is the first time you ever saw the words, reader; pause a moment and think what they portend. Stop yet a moment longer, and look at the map. It is in the WEST, and emigration is actually rolling over Slavery in that direction. Cotton comes to market this year from *beyond* Slavery. One thousand bales, probably, out of three million.

The free-labour cotton-planter told me he should increase his cotton crop next year. "But next year," said I, "it is probable the price will be lower." He looked sorrowful and inquiring. "A general war in Europe," said I, "would destroy the market." "Oh yes," he answered joyfully; but then, his brow depressing again, he continued, "but *I am afraid no*. They will so try; they are so much more afraid of the people than of all other things that can come to them. I am afraid no general war; I wish, but I am afraid no."

Ah! his head swam above negro speculations. Is it not a good thing that he is on the more advanced wave of the tide of human progress?

WHO ARE THE ABOLITIONISTS! — The *Delaware Gazette* has spoken at times of the opponents of the Nebraska bill as Abolitionists, and we therefore make the following statements for its benefit, as well as for the benefit of some anonymous scribblers who support men in preference to standing by a principle.

Nineteen Legislatures, with their members fresh from the people, near at home, have been in session since the 'Nebraska Bill' has been before the Senate of the United States. "In the free States, *ten* State Legislatures are in session, or have been since the first of January; in the slave States, *nine*." In Maine, resolutions against the abrogation of the Missouri Compromise passed the Senate, by a vote of 24 to 1; House, 96 to 6! Massachusetts, resolutions against the Nebraska Bill passed the Senate unanimously; House, 246 to 13. Rhode Island, *unanimously*. New York says to her delegation, don't repeal the Compromise, or affect its "binding force"; vote: Senate, 28 to 6; House, 80 to 27. The Democratic Legislature of Pennsylvania, after considering the subject, refused to take a vote on it; the Democratic Convention *choked off* the subject. What Abolitionists? The Whig State Convention have unanimously condemned the bill. "In New Jersey, the Democratic majorities have refused to come to any vote upon the subject." In Ohio, the question has been kept on the table, the only man who avowed himself to be in favour of the bill received 12 votes in the Democratic caucus. He was a good, whole-souled Anti-Abolitionists. Why was he not sent to help Mr. Douglas? Illinois has approved of the bill. But how? *The affirmative votes in both branches are less than half the Legislature.* Wisconsin has opposed the bill. California has not spoken; she is strongly *Democratic*. Turn to the slave States. In Maryland, Virginia, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, Texas and Kentucky, the Legislatures have adjourned without an expression of opinion. The Senate of Tennessee adopted a resolution in favour of the bill; the House laid it on the table. "In Georgia, the House unanimously, and the Senate with only three dissenting voices, adopted resolutions strongly in favour of the bill."

Let our readers look at the political effect of increasing slave territory. South Carolina has a white population of 274,567, a slave population of 384,984; she has seven representatives on the floor of Congress. Delaware has say one-fourth the number of *white* inhabitants that South Carolina has. Delaware has only 2,290 slaves, not enough to send representatives to Congress. In other words, if the whites only of the two States were represented, Carolina would have only three representatives instead of seven, and Delaware would still retain the single representative. Or, let the free, labouring population of the North understand the question fairly: 274,567 white men in New York or Pennsylvania have the privilege of voting for three representatives. In South Carolina, a slaveholder's vote is worth more than double as much; the same number of white men elect *seven* representatives.—(*Wilmington*) *Delaware Republican.*

ELOQUENT APPEAL.

IT is a remarkable feature of the Nebraska agitation [leave the *Worcester Spy* that it has spread the eyes [illegible] of the slave power, and to a [illegible] of the despots with which it is encompassing the country, who have heretofore acquiesced in its usurpations, or offered them no active resistance. Among these is John Whipple, the head of the Rhode Island bar, who has usually kept aloof from politics, and has been considered quite conservative in his feelings. He attended the great Anti-Nebraska meeting in Providence, the other day, and made an eloquent and impressive speech. We have room only for the closing portion of it, which is as follows:

The territory of Nebraska is all of it north of 36 deg. 30 min. It is described as "not excelled by any equal quantity of land in the known world. Beautiful lakes, streams of water, woodland and prairie, a deep and rich soil, are spread out in all their fascinating virgin character." It occupies, east and west, the very centre of this continent, having access to the future trade of two great oceans. It lies due west from Missouri, in which State slave labour is increasing with an astonishing rapidity. No country on this continent is better adapted to slave labour than a large portion of Nebraska. I am informed that a considerable number of slaves are already there. The pretence of those who support this alarming measure is, that *the people* are to decide whether Slavery shall exist in that future State. *What* people? Why those who first possess it—the slaveholders. Is any one so ignorant of the intense desire of the South, to extend the area of Slavery, as to believe that they vote to a man, and violate their honour, pledged to us by the Missouri Compromise, in order to occupy this immense territory with *free* labour? Would they take such a step if they did not intend, and were not prepared, to occupy it with slaves? It is to be the principal slave market in the world. It must be remembered that the people of the South are now not as formerly, owners merely, but traders in slaves. A slave child at the breast now sells to *slave traders* for $600, a full-grown man at $1,800. Opening this new market will not only increase the prices, but increase the cruelty inflicted upon these poor victims of the slave trade. Formerly, Slavery in the South was a mere domestic relation, and the kindness of the owner softened and mitigated the suffering of the slave. Now this relation is entirely changed. A plantation in the South is like a stock farm in the North. At present prices, they can make more by raising slaves than raising cotton. They mean to extend the market for the slave children, and to add that to the cotton produced by the labour of the slave parent.

In this connection allow me to ask what is to become of the free labour of the North? Where are the increasing half millions which annually emigrate here from all parts of Europe to find their future homes? Where are the industrious and painstaking German, and the generous, charitable and hard-toiling son of Erin to find their homes if the richest and most beautiful part of this great central portion of our continent is to be occupied by slaves and slaveholders? They cannot and will not, they ought not to labour side by side with the slave. Slave labour in these regions will be cheaper, much cheaper, than the labour of white men. It is not the man of wealth in the North, nor the professional man, nor the trading man, it is the *labouring man*, the poorer class of men, whose interests are most deeply affected by this nefarious scheme, a scheme supported, as we are told, by the whole influence of an Administration *professing to be the warm party friends of the poor.*

I am astonished, amazed, and, as a friend of free government, almost disheartened, at the magnitude, the boldness and the perfidity of this nefarious scheme. Its object is, by extending the sphere of Slavery, to make slaves of the free people of the North, by giving to the Slave States a majority in the National Legislature. Once give them that majority, and the free people of the North will be at once in the power of the slaveholders of the South. We shall be entirely subject to the slaveholders' legislation. In a political sense, our slavery will be intolerable, as is the poor African's in a physical sense. He has no will over his own body; we shall possess no power over our political body. The slaveholder will be able again to open the African slave trade and legalize it in every State in the Union. In fine, once submit to this act, and we are slaves ourselves. For one, I protest against this outrage upon the most solemn contract that this or any other nation ever pledged its sacred honour to abide by.

For one, and I speak for myself alone, I would rather submit to peaceful separation of the free from the slave States than to submit for an hour to such an outrage upon our dearest rights. Great as such an evil would be, it would be no stain upon our honour. Great as it may be, what evil, what disgrace can equal the submission of 14,000,000 of free men, in free States, to the dictation of 400,000 slaveowners in the slave States?

Verily, this is the age of wonders. Neither the wildest dreams of poets nor the most far-fetched reasonings of philosophers ever led to the sad reality that now stares us in the face. Had it been foretold that in a country which had produced a Washington and a Franklin, which had spread over its entire surface colleges, academies and free schools, which had first worked out the miraculous powers of steam, and the before hidden agencies of the electric fluid, which had whitened every ocean with its canvas, and awed the whole world with its naval prowess, and, to crown all this combination of attainment and promise, had spread far and wide over this extended land the pure, elevated and practical morality of the Christian religion—had it been foretold that as early as the second and third generations from the authors of that great charter of human freedom, the Declaration of American Independence, an American Senate could have done all that it could do to reverse our onward course, and to turn us back to ignorance and barbarism, to slavery and despotism, the narrator of such prophetic truths would have been sent to an insane asylum, or indicted for a libel upon the American people. But, indeed, "the age of chivalry is gone, that of sophisters, of calculators and economists has succeeded," and much do I fear that the glory of American Freedom is extinguished forever.

In a country whose declaration of independence proclaims that all men are free, an American Senate proclaims it a lie. In a country in which the whole body of its literature, the whole preaching of its pulpits, and the whole boastings of its press, represent us as not merely in the front rank in the great march of nations towards a higher civilization, but as the great and peerless leader of those nations, an American Senate represents us as low and grovelling wretches, the tyrants of an inferior, a helpless race, the drivers, with lash in hand, of its men, and the beastly ravishers of its women.

From this picture of American morals and American feeling, I beg leave, for one, to appeal to warmer hearts, and to more faithful artists, than the slaveowner of the South, or the profligate office-hunter of the North. I appeal to the free people of the free States. I say to them, trust not your perjured office-hunters. Their faces are of dough, and their hearts are of marble. They betrayed their sacred trust in 1820. They betrayed it in 1850, and they will betray it now. Every compromise with Slavery is an encroachment upon the hallowed ground of freedom. Leave the slave States to what has been thoughtlessly, if not treacherously, conceded to them. But sooner than grant them an inch more, I would retire peacefully, but firmly, from all connection with a power "which no treaty and no signature can bind, and against which the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together is no protection."

From the National Era.

SENATOR DOUGLAS ON THEOLOGY.

THE Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, amid his multifarious duties as propagandist of the new gospel of Democracy, and godfather of the bill that opens the gate of the American Eden to the ingress of the American Satan, that here, as in the Eden of old, the people may choose their own domestic institutions, has found time to apply his mind to Theology. The lucid results of this investigation were made manifest on the occasion of the presentation of a petition by more than 3,000 clergymen of New England, against the repetition of an experiment that wrought such direful results six thousand years ago. The 3,000 ministers who signed that remonstrance may consider themselves reminded to the benches of a Theological Seminary, to be lectured by a volunteer corps of professors. John Robinson said rightly that Luther and Calvin had not penetrated into the whole counsels of God. Other prophets have lived and died since his day; yet even they were but the streak of light sent up to hail this day-spring of Young American Theology, when Douglas and Pettit shall sit in Professors' chairs, and the 3,000 descendants of John Robinson meekly listen to the Evangel of the new time.

Our new prophets are not gentle in their dealing with us. Was it quite humane for the Theologian from Illinois to mar the effect of his "testimony" by talking as if he were only addressing an American Senate? Should he not have "looked up" the courteous side of his dictionary, that has of late fallen into such melancholy disuse in his speeches, wherein he has enriched the language by calling to life a regiment of adjectives that had long ago retired from good society on "half pay?" But a new position is not at once gracefully filled; heneforth the "Giant" of Theology will doubtless profit by the benevolent spiritual advice of the "Rev. Mr. Slicer," and the late missionary to Nebraska, and learn to stoop to our infirmities, and gently teach us, his flock, to "lie down in green pastures," and "lead us by the still waters" of Young American Theology. Much may also be hoped from Mr. Douglas's zeal in the attendance on public worship; and provided the Infidel Abolitionists of the Senate hereafter refrain from ruffling his spirit by speeches on Liberty, or blowing his moral indignation to a devouring flame by wicked circulars written on the Sabbath day, we may hope our next "Lecture" will be a pastoral warning to misguided men, rather than a thunderbolt hurled against obstinate heretics.

Our new spiritual leader should bethink himself that he is now dealing with a congregation of "ignorant" preachers; and if he will recall some of his own New England experiences, he may understand better the depth of that ignorance, and see how far we yet remain from "the Kingdom;" for we, in New England, have been taught, by our mothers, our Sunday school teachers, and the preachers of a past generation, that "*God is no respecter of persons.*" We are actually, O Stephen, in that lamentable state of "ignorance," that we suppose even "niggers" were made in the image of the Almighty! We suppose Frederick and Stephen Douglas were made by the same God. This is one article of our faith. Then we have another—that God desires that every soul shall grow into his own image forever, and has placed every soul in this world to begin that growth. One more "point" we cherish—that an "institution" which flatly denies both these facts, and declares that man is a chattel, and no more, and that his "chief end" is to serve a master who has robbed him of manhood, is the workmanship of the devil; and, like its parent, is hated by God, and should be hated by men ordained to preach the will of God.

And yet one more "article" is in our creed; that whoever does wrong to one of these "little ones"—the weak, the ignorant, the oppressed—"it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea." And to these articles of faith we add another: That when a politician, in the Senate, assumes the responsibility to present, defend, and carry through a bill which even disturbs the mortar on one stone of that wall of Freedom that now surrounds Nebraska, and entails upon his country the possibility that in this new Eden God shall be blasphemed by making a chattel of one man, such politician, however gigantic he may seem to many, who, like the father of Slavery, "go upon their belly," and however fit to be the President of America, after she has done such a deed, is nevertheless a subject for church discipline, a man for every minister of God to rebuke before the people, until he repents and turns to Him whose handiwork he dares vilify, and whose ministers he assumes to instruct in speeches conceived in Bedlam, and brought forth in Billingsgate.

We anxiously look to Mr. Douglas and his friend, the Rev. Mr. Slicer, for the further development of this new Young American Theology. We suppose therein will be at least cleared up the mystery of the "Lower Law," and the 3,000 New England clergymen be convinced that the commandment, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," was, with other old compacts, "repealed by the Compromise measures of 1850," and in its place the following law established: "Thou shalt obey man, and not God." We shall also know that the declaration, "He hath made of one blood all the nations of men," was also modified by these "Compromises," and, under the auspices of Drs. Douglas and Pettit, placed on a Democratic basis, by the addition of the words, "*except niggers.*" We may also learn what becomes of men who in 1854 enlist as volunteer champions of American Slavery. Will not Mr. Douglas request the Rev. Mr. Slicer to preach a sermon on the "New Heaven" that shall receive "Young America," after it has made a "New Earth?" Verily, the clouds are opening; the "New Jerusalem" hangs poised above the Senate Chamber, awaiting the wand of these Doctors to descend!

It is melancholy to see 3,000 clergymen, leaving the peaceful works of preaching a gospel that never rebukes a popular sin, and interfering in political affairs of which they know nothing. We sympathize with the grief of the "*Union*" over the heresy of the New England Church. But there is another spectacle yet more melancholy, over which angels may weep indeed; and this is a Senatorial synod of lower law politicians, with their hands yet unwashed of the most stupendous crime of the nineteenth century, taking the chair of theology, opening the holy book, and reading out from it the blasphemy that makes a chattel of the image of God, and the atheism that jeers at the laws of the Most High. Here, indeed, is a spectacle to be observed.

MORE "CLERICAL" INTERFERENCE!—The following memorial was prepared and signed by the Clergymen of the city of Concord, of all denominations, without distinction of party, on the morning of the late State Election. A similar Memorial (says the *Phanix*) has since been signed by some hundreds of the citizens, of all political parties, and is to accompany this, addressed to the President, personally, expressive of the sentiments of his townsmen on the Nebraska bill.

To GEN. FRANKLIN PIERCE, *President of the United States.*

RESPECTED AND HONOURED SIR: We, the undersigned, your fellow-citizens, and friends, of the city of Concord, and Ministers of the Gospel, influenced by no party feelings, we trust by deep moral and religious sentiments, respectfully represent to you, that we are deeply grieved by the introduction into Congress of what is called the "Nebraska Bill," that we regard it as a measure premature, unexpected and undesired; a violation of the most solemn compact, impairing the faith of the nation in all compromises, calculated to renew agitation on the subject of Slavery all over the land; and if passed, sure to be fraught with the most disastrous consequences to the cause of Liberty, Humanity, Morals, Education and Religion in all that territory which now is and of right ought to be free; with sincere respect for your character and office, we earnestly entreat you to interpose that power, if it shall be necessary, with which the Constitution invests you, to prevent that bill from ever becoming a law; we entreat you, by the noble spirit of freedom which is everywhere opposed to the possible extension of Slavery into territory now free; by the honour of your native State; by the patriotic zeal and sacrifices of the cause of liberty of your illustrious father; by the genial glow of liberty in your own breast; by the love of humanity and right; by the moral esteem in which you will be held by ministers of the gospel and Christian people of all denominations, and finally by the fear and love of God, who hath ordained liberty as the common birth-right of all human beings: We respectfully and earnestly entreat you, never to give your signature to this bill.

Herein, in our judgment, we express the prevailing, if not the universal, moral sentiment of our brethren in the ministry, and of the churches of our Lord, throughout this State.

With sentiments of high respect and esteem, we subscribe ourselves, Yours, &c.

This memorial is signed by Rev. Nathaniel Bouton, and all the ministers in Concord, with the exception of Rev. Eleazer Smith. Why is his name omitted? Was it done by the printer?—(*Claremont, N. H.*) *Advocate.*

THE DIFFERENCE.

WHAT are you going to do with your money, John? said we to an Irishman of that name, to whom we were indebted for labour. "I'm going to send it till me mother in Ireland," was the reply. And to her he did send it, and trusted to health and industry to provide for his own necessities. This feeling of deep rooted sympathy, and never cooling filial affection, we have witnessed in every Irish servant, male or female, that we have ever employed or been acquainted with. We have an Irish family in our mind's eye, numbering some dozen or more, male and female, the male head of which was turned out of an employment, late in life, in which he had "wrought" during his whole prime of life. They kept together, bound firmly by the strong cords of Irish affection, till famine so pinched that their labour would not suffice to keep absolute want at bay. By an united effort, they managed to get the oldest brother off to America, and he landed here in Buffalo. He took hold of the first employment that he could get and toiled constantly, living on almost nothing till he had saved and sent home enough to bring another brother. The two laboured on until they were enabled to import a third. These again toiled and saved till they sent for a sister. She contributed her weekly dollar, till another sister was brought over. And so they kept importing faster and faster, till the whole family, father, mother and all, were safely landed on this side of the Atlantic.—*Buffalo Republican.*

We copy the above because desirous to call the attention of our readers to the extraordinary difference between Northern and Southern institutions upon the condition of immigrants. Once arrived here, the Irishman finds employment and earns wages which *are his own*. He toils and saves, and at length is enabled to import his wife, and with the proceeds of their joint labour, which are *their own*, he brings out children, sisters, brothers, parents, until finally the whole family finds itself once more collected under the same roof here, ready, *whenever the South shall find a warrant for it in the Constitution*, to secure a homestead in the West, to be *their own* free from the demands of landlords, and little subject to the claims of tax-gatherers. Such are the tendencies of Northern institutions.

The poor emigrant from the South goes *not as his own man*, but as the chattel of his master. He finds himself separated from parents, wife, sisters, brothers, and, perhaps, from children, upon whom he is little likely to look again in this beautiful world. Arrived in Texas, or in Mississippi, he earns wages, but they are *not his own*. He is but a chattel, and all that he can claim is food, clothing and lodging, sufficient to enable him to do his master's work. He may not learn to read or write, and thus is he deprived of the power to communicate with those he has left behind. He may take another wife, but she is *not his own*. He may have more children, but they are *not his own*. He is regarded as an animal, without feeling, without affections, granted by a divine Providence to be "the hewer of wood and drawer of water" for men whose skins are white, the advocates of Southern institutions.

A more mortifying system than this was never known, and yet such is the one in the extension of which, over the vast and unoccupied regions of the West, the North is invited to co-operate. The free American, the Englishman, the Irishman, the Scotchman and the German, are invited now to grant to the South an increase of the power that has thus far been always manifested in opposition to the children of labour, and is now everywhere at work to prevent the labourer from acquiring anything that he can call his own. Let the poor squatter ask from Congress a recognition of his rights, and he is met by opposition from the whole South, which sneers at "squatter sovereignty." Let the labourer of the North ask for the passage of the Homestead Bill, and he finds arrayed against him nearly all the men who hold that the labourer is a chattel incapable of acquiring for himself a home, a wife, or children. Nevertheless, strange to say, the labourer, foreign as well as American, has almost uniformly been found recording his vote in favour of men who, like Governor Bigler and President Pierce, preach democracy while ready to purchase Southern support at the cost of sacrificing the dearest interests and most important rights of their fellow-citizens. Shall this state of things always continue? Will not the working men awake to the fact that they are as regularly sold by the Douglases, Pierces, Biglers, and other leaders of the so-called Democratic party, as are the unfortunate negroes of Virginia, *and to the same class of purchasers?* We trust they will, and that the day is now not far distant when the ballot-box will prove that they have done so.—*Phil. Register.*

A "JERRY RESCUE"—ALMOST.

FOR some days past, the people of this section have been excited by the news that a Southern slaveholder was in town, and that a convict in Prison, claimed as a slave of his, would

The masses will not be slow to rid themselves of the most odious of all compromises. The South has sown the storm and will reap the consequences. Baying slave hounds will find a warm welcome North—probably a hospitable reception from lead and steel. All the Slaves hereafter caught in the North will not pay the cost of blood-hounds, powder and ball. We speak for one, when we say that we never shall, by compulsion or otherwise, become a negro catcher, nor shall we refuse the black a crust or a place to lay his head, though the hunters stand at the door. Our own home and liberty is sweet to us, and God knows we never will raise a hand to rob one who wears the human form of the same "self-evident" rights.—*Cayuga Chief.*

KIDNAPPING AT NEWPORT.

NEWPORT, R. I., Wednesday, March 29, 1854.

THE most exciting topic in this city just at present is the disappearance of two coloured children which took place on the 17th.

The facts, as we have obtained them from George H. Calvert, Esq., the energetic Mayor of Newport (who has exerted himself to the utmost to discover and trace out the perpetrators of this high-handed outrage), are as follows:

These children are aged eight and four years of age: they are bright mulattoes, and are said to be uncommonly sharp and intelligent. The father (Charles Denton) is a half breed—the Indian blood predominating. The eldest of the children (William Denton) is his own son (an illegitimate child), by his present wife (Rachel Denton), when the mother was but 17 years of age; the younger (Charles) is the son of a man to whom the women Rachel was married after the birth of her first child; her husband dying, she married this man Dayton. The parties have resided in Newport for the last six months. They were originally from Cold Spring, L. I., where the woman was brought up in the house of Miss S. W. Jones. At this place they bear a good character. After moving to Newport, the man (who is a Methodist minister and a preacher among his people) obtained employment as a labourer, and has up to the time of the present occurrence bore a fair reputation. On the evening of the 17th he went out of his house, carrying the children with him, saying that he would take them to walk and then go to the butcher's for some meat. At 10 P. M., he returned without the children, inquired for them, and on being informed that they had not returned, declared that they must be lost. Upon the following day he notified some of his friends (coloured people), of the matter, and they advised him to go to the Mayor, but this he declined or neglected to do. In the meantime the docks and wharves were examined by his friends upon the supposition that they might have been drowned. Upon the day following the occurrence Mr. Calvert became cognizant of these facts, and interested himself immediately in the matter by setting persons to search and publishing a hand bill, of which the following is a copy:

$100 REWARD.—Missing, two coloured Children, light mulatto, WILLIAM and CHARLES DENTON, of 8 and 4 years. It is feared that they may have been kidnapped. If so, the above reward will be given to whoever shall restore them to their parents, or shall give information that will lead to their recovery.

GEO. H. CALVERT, Mayor.

In addition to this, Mr. C. telegraphed at once to various places, and in particular to the Collectors of the Ports of Norfolk, Va., Charleston, S. C., and other Southern harbours for which vessels had sailed upon the night of their disappearance. From one of these places the Mayor has received a reply, stating that the vessel entered the harbour, but before the Collector could make a search her crew had all deserted her and were not to be found. The vessels which left Newport about that time bound South are the Gen. Worth, the Pocomoke and the Alvarado. The prevailing supposition in regard to the fate of these children is, that they were forced into a boat with the connivance or consent of the father and put on board some vessel going South. This belief is strengthened from the fact that on the night of their disappearance the shrieks of children and the sound of oars were heard by two females sleeping on board the steamer Perry, then lying at her wharf at Newport. The story of the father is an improbable one, to say the least. He states that he left the children in the street near enough to their house to reach it safely, and then went alone to preside over a prayer-meeting of his denomination. He also stated that he had gone to a certain butcher and purchased meat; but it appeared upon inquiry that the butcher's store had not been opened—thus showing the falsity of a portion of the story. This fact, connected with other suspicious circumstances, induced the Mayor, after consultation with one of the Justices of the Peace, to cause the arrest of Denton on suspicion of his connivance. Bail was demanded in the sum of two hundred dollars, which was finally given by three coloured men. These three men, however, afterward requested to withdraw their bail under the impression that the prisoner intended to abscond. Denton is, therefore, now in jail (the bail having been increased to $400 in consequence of a charge of bigamy having been made against him). The mother, who is not over 25 years of age, exhibits great distress, but does not suspect her husband. Other suspicious circumstances have come to light which go far to criminate certain parties on Long Island, but it might defeat the ends of justice to record them here. In the meantime endeavour is making to ferret out the truth. The father exhibits a dogged, surly demeanour and says but little. The coloured population are in a state of great excitement. They will not permit their children to cross the street after sundown.—*Cor. Tribune.*

From The Covenanter.

THE SLAVE SYSTEM, AND THE NORTH.

THE North professes—*pretends*, we should say—to dislike Slavery. Are these professions sincere? We doubt them. We must doubt them. Sincerity shows itself. If men—Northern men—hate Abolition, as a majority of them do, they take care to make their feelings known. They show them by words and by deeds. They don't need to *say* that they hate Abolition: they give proofs that they really do hate it. How is it with Slavery, which they *say* they dislike? Would it seem so? We see them taking slaveholders to their homes, their pulpits, their communion-tables, their hearts. They yield to—often promote—the schemes of slaveholders. They vote for slaveholders for the highest offices, knowing that they will employ their official influence for the support of Slavery. They will not listen to a word against the system. They will patronize no paper that opposes it. If ministers, they neither preach nor pray against it. If they refer to the subject at all, it is most probably to insist upon the faithful execution of all laws relating to it; that is, that their hearers ought to turn slave-hunters. In their estimation—and this is their public teaching—an Abolitionist is a fanatic, a fool, an enemy of the public peace. To wish for *all* others—and to try to get for them—the *same* rights that men—these very men—claim for themselves, is to be an infidel, or, at least, on infidel ground, and nearly or quite enough to justify outlawry, and "like people," they also say amen.

Still more; they despise the coloured man *at home*. If he will go to Liberia, he is a decent man. They will write about him, pet him, and speak as though they respected him. In Africa, he is "Mr." or even "his excellency;" but if he stays in America, where he was born, and some generations of his fathers before him, he is a "nigger," "can never rise;" "a nuisance;" not to be walked with, nor ate with, nor sat with, even in church! And yet, all this time—smiling upon slaveholders, and frowning awfully upon Abolitionists and the enslaved—these people *say* that they dislike Slavery; that it is a great moral and social evil; that the Gospel is against it, and will eradicate it. Are they sincere? No. Instead of hating Slavery, they hate the slave. Instead of hating Slavery, they do cordially hate the doctrine that the slave has, before God, the same rights that they have. Instead of hating Slavery, they would hold slaves, and exercise all the functions of slaveholders themselves, if the circumstances were different.

The conclusion is, that the Anti-Slavery professions of the North—we mean the majority—are a mere sham: a concession to the opinion of the world; perhaps to conscience: but hollow, mere words; backed by no abhorrence of the system, or none that will not readily give way to the attractions of place, power, gain, or fashion. Nor will it avail to say that just now the North is rising against the Nebraska bill. So it rose against the annexation of Texas, the Mexican war, the compromise of 1850. But what came of it? Nothing. And should the bill pass, we shall likely see the same huge result—nothing! And why? Because there is no principle in the public mind; no fixed determination, on well considered grounds, against Slavery. Any movement against it is but a spasm—a ripple on the surface: it soon subsides, and leaves the malignant slave power to carry on and out its base and treacherous plots.

What is the prospect before us? We give the reply in the words of Garrison. We take them from his address delivered in New York, February 14th.

"While the present union exists, I pronounce it hopeless to expect any repose, or that any barrier can be effectually raised against the extension of Slavery. With two thousand million dollars' worth of property in human flesh in its hands, to be watched and wielded as one vast interest for all the South—with forces never divided, and purposes never conflictive—with a spurious negro-hating religion universally diffused, and everywhere ready to shield it from harm—with a selfish, sordid, divided North, long since bereft of its manhood, to cajole, bribe and intimidate—with its foot planted on two-thirds of our vast national domains, and there unquestioned, absolute and bloody in its sway—with the terrible strength and boundless resources of the whole country at its command—it cannot be otherwise than that the Slave Power will consummate its diabolical purposes to the uttermost. The North west Territory, Nebraska, Mexico, Cuba, Hayti, the Sandwich Islands, and colonial possessions in the tropics—to seize and subjugate these to its accursed reign, and ultimately to re-establish the foreign Slave Trade as a lawful commerce, are among its settled designs. It is not a question of probabilities, but of time. And whom will a just God hold responsible for all these results? All who despise and persecute men on account of their complexion; all who endorse a slaveholding religion as genuine; all who give the right hand of Christian fellowship to men whose hands are stained with the blood of the slave; all who regard material prosperity as paramount to moral integrity, and the law of the land as above the law of God; all who are either hostile or indifferent to the Anti-Slavery movement; and all who advocate the necessity of making compromises with the Slave Power, in order that the Union may receive no detriment."

POLITICS AND THE PULPIT.

THE *Journal of Commerce* is thrumming on its old string; but, alas! it is only the echo of what it was four years ago. The utter failure of its attempts at that time to prejudice the public against ministers whom it could not deter from applying the principles of the Gospel to political conduct seems to have soured its temper with the consciousness of its own imbecility. And now it stands with the roystering Senator Douglas, and the profane Senator Pettit, muttering its own echoes as if these were yet real living words. Charity forbids us to expose the infirmities of our venerable friend; but to show how fast the infirmities of age and of temper increase upon it, we will give the modulations of the echo of 1854 upon the original refrain of 1850.

A few paragraphs in parallel columns may afford our readers a passing entertainment.

Journal of Commerce, Dec. 28, 1850.	*Journal of Commerce, March 10, 1854.*
"The subject [the duties of government and of citizens under the Compromise] is one which ought to be understood. When such men as Stuart, Spring, Cox, Adams, Hodge, Spencer, Krebs, Potts, Hawkes, Taylor, &c., turn the full energy of their minds to a consideration of it, *we are in a fair way to understand it.*"	"The fact is, clergymen, as a class, are not the best judges on political questions. They do not study them with the thoroughness nor with the impartiality of statesmen. Faithful ministers have not time to do so. They look only on one side."
"In the name of an abused community, we *thank* these gentlemen for at length standing forth in vindication of Bible-principles on this subject. We know the reluctance of some of the above-named gentlemen to touch upon political topics, or topics partly political, and we honour them for this reluctance. But when so many of their brethren abuse their calling and their pulpits to poison the public mind . . . where shall we look but to the Nestors of the same profession for an antidote to the mischief? Fortunately, the recurrence of Thanksgiving Day at the auspicious moment gave them a fit opportunity to utter their sentiments, and very many of them improved it to the best advantage. *We augur the most happy results from their generous efforts.* They have spoken fearlessly, faithfully, and *as became men placed on the watchtowers of Zion.*"	"We yield to none in our respect and veneration for good and faithful ministers. But it always diminishes that respect (and in this we know we represent a large class in the community) when we see them dabbling with politics. With a large, and, we fear, an increasing, number of ministers, the practice is habitual."
"*Extraordinary exigencies require extraordinary measures.*"	"When clerical influence is invoked *as such*—when it is sought to be *used* by party and sectional interests as a means of carrying their points—when it is employed by way of deterring honest statesmen from the discharge of what they conceive to be their duty, under the responsibilities which they have assumed as legislators before God and man—then, we say, *it is a dangerous influence, and the less we have of it the better.*"
	"'Crises' are always occurring, when, in their own view, their interference is necessary to prevent the ship of State from running upon the quicksands."

What is the difference between the clergy of 1854 and the clergy of 1850 that should cause these variations upon the old tune whose echoes are here revived? On looking over the list of signers to the clerical memorial against the Nebraska iniquity, we find there the names of Nestor Spencer, Nestor Adams, Nestor Krebs, Nestor Potts, and many other Nestors of 1850, whom the *Journal* then bepraised, and Nestor Taylor has "spoken fearlessly and faithfully" at the New Haven meeting. Nestor Spring is the only one we know of who refused to sign the anti-Nebraska memorial. As the *Journal* thinks there are many such, we would suggest that it get up a memorial in favour of the introduction of Slavery into Nebraska, and see how many names of clergymen or any other class it can procure for such a paper.—*Independent.*

DISUNION! DISUNION!!

A WRITER in the New York *Tribune* advocates an immediate dissolution of the Union.

The Rochester *American*, one of the most conservative Whig prints north of Mason and Dixon's line, utters the above with a gravity that indicates a surprise to its slow comprehension of the spirit of the times, approximating to a genuine "eye-opener," well laid on to its thick pate.

The fact of the matter is—and it may as well be understood to-day as a month or a year hence—that the institution which most grievously curses our soil imposes a burden on the North that cannot be much longer endured. Northern men, and men that have stood high in the good opinion of the *American* sort of people, have pretty much made up their minds to this fact. The passage of the Nebraska Bill would be all that was necessary to render their position unequivocal.

The writer in the *Tribune* is not the only man holding to the course he advocates. We are in the way of hearing a good deal of discussion among friends and neighbours on this subject, and we are convinced that there is at this hour a very formidable body of men in the Northern States who need little more provocation to come boldly to the scratch, with the announcement that if this Union is merely to subserve the ends and designs of the South and Slavery, then they don't want it to exist any longer.

Men who "set up" with the "glorious Union" through a wearisome season but a little while ago, are every day saying just so much. They are good men, Christian men, and men who love their country truly and faithfully. They were honest in their support of the Compromises. They will be just as honest, as fearless, as powerful in their efforts to destroy the Union, should they become convinced that the importunities and impositions of Slavery are unsatiable and never ceasing. We must confess to an admiration of the zeal and heartiness with which the ancient apologists of Slavery deal their double-handed blows upon the evil. They strike with a will, and every blow *tells*.

Would any person who has closely watched the agitation of the Slavery question, in its various aspects, these five years past, be one whit surprised if, in two or three years, or perhaps a less time, the people of the North and South should be arrayed against each other as Anti-Slavery and Pro-Slavery parties? And then how much further would it be necessary to go to effect the destruction of Slavery? The South must yield, or the Union cannot stand! may, at some day not far distant, be the watchword of a great Emancipation organization.—*Syracuse Chronicle.*

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

THE *Journal of Commerce*, which goes the entire animal for Nebraska, has made the important discovery that in the section of Missouri lying immediately east of Nebraska, "the census of 1852 shows "a *decrease* of 215 in the number of slaves, compared "with the census of 1850," whence it concludes there is no danger of the increase of Slavery in that direction. And this is done in full view of the fact that Slavery has been on the decrease in Maryland, Delaware and the District of Columbia during the last fifty years, without losing its power or vitality to any great extent. There were 15,000 more slaves in Maryland in 1800 than 1850, and yet it is not expected that the system will be wound up very soon in that State. In the District of Columbia, there are not as many slaves by 1,700 as there were in 1810, still the institution is far from being abolished there. Delaware had 6,153 slaves in 1800, and 2,290 in 1850. The decrease during the ten years preceding that date was 315, or 31 per year. At this rate, it will require about three-fourths of a century to get rid of Slavery, even in Delaware. So much for the argument of the Nebraska journal, based upon a statement which may or may not be a "fact." If a fact, it is doubtless the result of temporary causes: there may have been some large sales of negro property, the same being transferred to some other section of the country. But we have no idea that Slavery is to be immediately abolished in Missouri, though the number of slaves may have somewhat diminished in one section of the State. As to the idea that slaves cannot be made profitable in a northern climate, it is all gammon. Negroes can live anywhere; and though it is unquestionably true they may be worked to greater advantage in some sections of the country than in others, it is equally certain that the business of *raising slaves* for the market may be carried on in a pretty high northern latitude. We have not the slightest doubt it might be carried on as successfully in Northern Vermont as in Western Virginia, or elsewhere in the Old Dominion, if the citizens of the former State were privileged and willing to engage in the disreputable occupation. Touching the assumption that Slavery is to be kept out of a considerable portion of Nebraska by existing treaties with different Indian tribes, it may be well to remember that the treaty-making power is wholly subservient to Slavery, and that the interests of the latter have only to demand the modification of a treaty so as to authorize an extension of the system, and the thing is done. The only safe way is to fence up the peculiar institution within its present limits by positive enactments.—*Tribune.*

CASE OF EDWARD DAVIS.

EDWARD DAVIS, whose perilous attempt to escape to a land of freedom, on board the Keystone State, we mentioned last week, is still in jail at New Castle, Delaware. On Monday of last week his case was brought before Justice Bradford, of New Castle. A number of witnesses from this city appeared in his behalf, and his freedom was clearly proved. Mrs. Dimond, one of the witnesses, testified that she had known him since 1838, when he was about two years old. Her sister, Mrs. Martha C. McGuire, testified that she had known him for eleven or twelve years, and John H. Brady testified that he had known him for the last nine years. On hearing this testimony the magistrate discharged him from custody, there being no reason why a free citizen of Pennsylvania should be kept in a Delaware prison, with no crime charged against him. After his discharge, and before he had left the magistrate's office, Capt. Hardie, of the Keystone State, arrived, and demanded that he should again be placed in custody. He at first claimed him as his slave, but finding that his freedom had been proved, that he had been discharged by the justice, and that his mere word would not again imprison him, he made an affidavit that he believed him to be a fugitive slave. Upon this, Justice Bradford, accompanied by the counsel for the prisoner and one or two other persons, repaired to the office of Judge Booth, Chief Justice, and asked his advice. He advised setting Davis at liberty at once.

Finding that he was about to fail of securing the freeman by the means he had already adopted, the Captain, in accordance with the advice of a Philadelphia lawyer, whose name we have not learned, and one of the New Castle lawyers, made a second affidavit, to the effect that he believed Davis was a fugitive from justice! Whether he set forth any reasons for his belief, or whether any was required, in view of the affidavit he had just made, that he believed him a slave, we have not learned; but as he made threats of having him arrested by a warrant from another magistrate, the justice thought it best to remand him to prison, there to remain, under the laws of Delaware, six weeks, unless sooner released by the consent of the captain. Davis's sister and mother reside in this city, but could not visit the son and brother because the laws of that State forbid, under heavy penalties, coloured persons from entering upon her territory.

Thus stands the case up to the present time.

The detention of this man, proved to be free, in a Delaware prison, for the accommodation of Captain Hardie, and out of regard to the Philadelphia owner of the boat which he commands, is a brutal outrage, and one that calls for the loudest condemnation. The man should not be allowed to remain an hour longer in prison. Captain Hardie has had more than time enough to verify the statements of the alleged fugitive, and there should have been a telegraphic dispatch received from him ere this directing the man to be set at liberty. The Keystone State in due course will be back again on Saturday next, when, at furthest, we trust that the men will be restored to his liberty, and that a proper compensation will be made either by the captain or the owners of the boat for the unjust severity which he has been dealt with.—*Pa. Freeman.*

From the Independent.

SLAVERY IN MISSOURI.

THE person from whom the following account is received is quite responsible, and assures us that all the incidents mentioned occurred in the city of ———, and that within the last five years; and in the face of facts, that the most respectable clergyman of the place pronounces Slavery in Missouri "merely nominal!"

"SLAVERY MERELY NOMINAL."

"A chiel 's amang them takin' notes,
An' faith he'll prent it."

THE City Hotel was brilliantly illuminated. From the bow-windows of its magnificent parlours, and the curtained casements of its luxurious boudoir streamed floods of light, vieing with the mellow radiance of the moon, and bathed in whose united beams, the marble pillars that surrounded the building gleaming out like sheeted sentinels from the deep shadows of the verandah. Within all was revelry and mirth. Fairy forms, rendered more bewitching by the affluent surroundings which lavished art bestows, floated through the mazy dance, followed by admiring eyes. Enchanting strains of music intoxicated the ear. The glare of gas-lights, the blaze of jewels, the flash of bright eyes, the ruby wine-cup, the dreamy waltz, all conspired to engulf their votaries in one delirious whirl of will and maddening excitement. Suddenly their mirth was checked by a tremendous crash directly beneath. All started, but a moment after had regained their composure, and the dancers were about resuming their giddy pleasure, when again the same sound saluted their ears. Crash after crash succeeded each other with such deafening rapidity that the bravest turned pale, and all hastened with one accord, jostling and hurrying each other along in the direction of the uproar. With a rush of velocity that increased every moment at the din continued, the excited and frightened mass bore down upon the broad door of the dining-hall with such force that it instantly yielded to their united weight, and they were at once ushered into a scene of confusion that were indescribable. In the centre of the room, upon one side of the table, which was covered with an indistinguishable mass of splendid plate and cutlery, stood the figure of their choleric host, his face heated to a white heat with desperate rage, and his hands uplifted in the act of dashing an armful of crockery at the persons of his unresisting slaves, who stood around the room, cut, bruised, and bleeding from wounds already received. One glance he bestowed upon the crowded entrance; and then, with all the force of his passion-nerved arm, let fly his dangerous missiles in every direction. One poor fellow had the sharp, jagged end of a broken goblet driven into his eye, while another, who stood by him, and whose own left hand was so nearly severed that it hung but by the skin, tendered his assistance in withdrawing the cruel dart. Instantly the tiger-like eye of the outraged oppressor espied the action; and fixing upon it as a new cause of vengeance against one whom he had long endeavoured in vain to break down from the independent *man* into the servile brute, with a look of fiendish exultation, as much as to say, "Your time has come now," he seized a carving-knife which lay glittering upon the board, and with one frantic bound leaping sheer over the table to the very side of his victim, shouted in vehement tones, as he fairly shook with the intensity of his anger, "I've got you now, and, damn you, I'll make an end of you!"

With an erect brow, and a spirit calm with the calmness of that despair which has borne until life and flesh are valueless, the poor the ignorant, down-trodden slave stood firmly confronting his master. With one movement of his remaining hand, he tore open his shirt, and bared his broad, beating bosom to the knife of the murderer, saying, "Well, *kill* me if you want to; I've worse than died a thousand times!" Fascinated by the fixedness of that stony gaze, and the strange quiet of the bitter tones that accompanied it, the arm of the tyrant seemed stayed as by a hand-writing on the wall; and who knows whether upon that throbbing human breast, he might not have read, in syllables of fire, "Vengeance is *mine*, saith the Lord;" for, with a muttered oath of apology, and future revenge, he dropped the weapon, and once more his bondman stood forth a debtor to him for the unwelcome gift of life. Oh! how many times, as he left his hated presence, he wished he *had* killed him! How often in the depth of his anguish he had prayed that some random blow *would* release him from life, and life's bitter wrongs! But one cannot die when one would; and, like many another of his ill-fated race, he must go on enduring and enduring, far beyond that point which, in Saxon codes of honour, is deemed a virtue. The immediate cause of this last shameless act of his master's lay in the fact, that, during the bustle, confusion, and carelessness, always prevalent at such places upon festive occasions, some borrowed table-furniture had been injured to a considerable extent. That the servants were the offenders, and that they must be punished, was the single thought of the furious landlord, as he drove his frightened slaves into the dining apartment, and commenced his frantic assault upon them. Dennis knew that from this time his chains would be doubly galling. And it was so. Every trifle was made the subject and occasion of some petty act of tyranny, always resulting in the same dark, menacing look, which seemed to say, "I'll have you yet!" The time soon arrived. With but one hand to perform the labour of two, his task was sometimes barely completed when the nightly rounds of his vigilant master were made. Yet being a universal favourite with his fellow-servants, he was often privately assisted by them; and thus, with the greatest diligence, he was for a while enabled to ward off the coming wrath. But his day of doom came, and he stood alone and unfriended before the exultant eye of his malignant overseer. The latter was never unprepared for such events, and raising his heavy riding whip in one hand while he deliberately cocked a pistol in the other, howled out, "Now, you damned nigger, stir one inch from this spot, before I give you such a thrashing as no mortal ever had, and you are a dead man!" Instinctively, as he saw the deadly weapon aimed at his heart, Dennis attempted to fly. But there was no chance with the heartless miscreant in whose power he was; and before he could reach the door, a ball entered his side, and, with one heavy groan, he fell headlong upon the floor. One week from that night, just at the setting of the sun, Dennis awoke from a seven days' delirium. He knew that, like the glorious orb upon which he gazed, the sun of his life was fast sinking into darkness; and at that solemn hour, when a dim light from the great Future seemed borne upon its rays, there crossed his poor bewildered mind some vague thought that, like it, he should rise again; and, turning to his murderer, who stood at his bedside, he said in tones rendered hollow and sepulchral by the death rattle in his throat, "You will *soon* meet me!" while, with a fearful mystery of meaning in his large, dark eye, which, to the last, rested upon the pallid countenance before him, his spirit hastened to join that vast throng which, at the judgment day, shall stand as fiery accusers, face to face with their *Christian* masters! Those dying words and that dying look were not without their effect upon the horror-stricken conscience of the homicide—that conscience which was to him, indeed, as a two-edged sword; for by its keen, tormenting anguish, the strong man was prostrated, weak and nerveless as a child. In his sleepless agony, every approaching footfall, every countenance in his bed-chamber, seemed a new herald or embodiment of the accusing spirit which had gone before. Even the medicines dealt out by his nurse were drops of liquid fire to be administered by *his* broken bleeding hand. Each breath that fanned his feverish brow was a breeze from the burning lake freighted with tormenting messages from *him*. Every shooting pain he deemed a turning pain in his side, buried by the relentless demons who, with horrible mockings, mouthed and leered at him from the ceiling and walls. Even his friends feared to approach him; for to his distempered vision, each countenance bore a vivid likeness to his dying victim, and with dreadful imprecations he saluted them all; sometimes telling them "he *would not go* with them; he was not yet ready;" and again, in tones pitifully abject, begging them to remove from his sight that bloody knife and clotted lash. From morning till night, and all through the darkness, the house rang with his wild groanings and curses. Mortal man could not long survive so frightful a conflict: and after *seven* days' warring with the fiends, conjured by that remorse which "works like madness in the brain," during which he incessantly called upon the lost spirit of his victim to cease his mockings and leave him alone in his torment, as if in fulfilment of *its* mysterious warning, his blood-stained soul went forth to meet its accuser and Judge.

L. L.

CASSIUS M. CLAY.

MR. CLAY addressed the following letter to an anti-Nebraska meeting held in Indianapolis on the 15th ultimo.

WHITE HALL P. O., Madison Co., Ky., March 15, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR: Your favour of the 10th instant, inviting me to attend a mass meeting in Indianapolis of the opponents of the repeal of the Missouri compromise is received too late for my acceptance, did my arrangements otherwise allow.

Allow me to say, however, that I am not at all astonished at this new enormity of Slavery—it is based upon wrong, and defiant of conscience, and therefore knows no faith with men. Upon a review of its past history you will perceive that it has always been aggressive from the hour that it received toleration from the National Union. It is one of the boldest absurdities to suppose that the liberties of the white race are more sacred than those of the blacks. I suppose the good-natured North will at last begin to see that it has been humbugged by the "peculiar institution."

The policy of that party has ever been extension and final disunion—provided they can become strong enough to stand among the nations. If the free States can be separated in the central regions while Slavery extends from ocean to ocean and ultimately through the Mexican States to the Isthmus, embracing the isles of the sea adjacent, they will snap their fingers in the face of the Republic, whenever they are prevented longer from plundering the partnership property! Mr. Calhoun's apparently absurd idea of two Presidents with a veto is but the type of the ultimate tendency of the Democracy!

If this Union can only be preserved by the loss of all our liberties—God speed the day when it shall be dissolved, and new elements of free States organized. If the Free Democratic doctrine does not prevail, by which Slavery shall be ostracized in the National Administration, and driven back into its own hell, there to linger out its accursed life and die—dissolution of course must come. For notwithstanding the servility of Northern politicians I shall be slow to believe that there is not enough of the old Puritan blood yet extant to re-enact another 1776.

My dear sir, through all changes and events, good or bad, number me with the friends of the "Divine right" of every man of whatever colour and clime to govern himself. The miseries and persecutions and dangers which I have borne in evidence of my faith, cannot be increased by the tumultuous times which the repeal of the Missouri compromise seem to threaten. I say then, definitely, down with the old piratical craft, which has too long eluded God's vengeance, and ravaged the fairest portions of the earth! Yes, I say again, with our fathers of 1776—death to Slavery—"live or die, I am for the Declaration."

Believe me truly, your obedient servant,

C. M. CLAY.

R. Vaile, Esq.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, New York.

Donations to the Treasury of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY may be forwarded to FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer, at Boston; or to SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, New York.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1854.

TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE Twentieth Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society will be held in the City of New York, in the REV. DR. CHAPIN'S CHURCH, in Broadway, between Spring and Prince Streets, on WEDNESDAY, May 10th, 1854, at 10 o'clock, A. M. The names of the speakers will be announced hereafter.

The Society will hold meetings for Business and Discussion (in some hall yet to be procured) on the evening following the public Anniversary and on the succeeding THURSDAY and FRIDAY, May 11th and 12th.

The members and friends of the Society far and near are earnestly invited to be present at the public Anniversary and to give us the benefit of their counsel and co-operation at the subsequent meetings. The condition of the country in relation to the Anti-Slavery Agitation will present for the consideration of the Society topics of the gravest importance affecting its future action; hence a large attendance is desirable.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Pres.

EDMUND QUINCY, S. H. GAY, WENDELL PHILLIPS, } Secretaries.

THE DEVIL AS A PAYMASTER.

IT is a question often asked by moralists and sermonizers, "Will the world ever become wise?" We cannot hold out any very strong hopes to such anxious inquirers that it will, very soon. The humorist who thanked God that all the fools were not dead yet is in no likelihood of losing his occasion of thanksgiving. And, after all, though it is our duty to do all we can towards making the world wise, and though it will be a much better world after we shall have made it so, it must be owned that it will not be nearly as amusing a one. One of the most immortal phases of human folly is to be seen in the still-returning readiness of men to trust in the promises of the Devil, and to sell their souls over and over again for his *bogus* notes of hand. The Penitentiaries of the world are filled with the victims of this delusion; the gallows groans under their weight; blasted characters and ruined fortunes everywhere attest the swiftness of mankind to believe a lie, and to look upon themselves as exceptions to the general rule, that the Devil is very bad pay.

We remember that, in our childhood, we used to marvel at the indiscretion of the witches, at Salem and elsewhere, in selling their souls for such very inadequate considerations as riding through the air on broomsticks, laming horses, drying-up cows, frightening children, making pin-cushions of Christian insides, and that to a chapman who let them be brought to disgrace and the gallows, after all. But the world has not profited by their example. Those hangings failed of their effort as Moral Lessons. The trade in souls is still carried on, and to the same certain loss of the venders. The Devil always gets more than the due to which he is proverbially entitled. His bargains with his customers are like the Compromises of the North with the South—all on one side. Indeed, there has been nothing more nor less than business transactions of this very nature, only carried on upon a very large scale. And, accordingly, their result has been of the same unprofitable description. The Devil has had the best of it, altogether. The North has stolen the apples and the South has eaten them. The South has swallowed the oyster and left us to try the virtue of the shells.

Individuals, too, are all the time trying to cheat the wily Adversary, and hope to succeed in spite of the ill-luck of their predecessors. Each one thinks that he is the Coming Man that will turn the tables on the Enemy of Souls, and get what he wants of him, and leave him to suck his paws as a return. But it is of no use. The Devil is more than a match for them all, and will be to the end of the chapter. We were led into this train of thought by reading the speech of Hiram Ketchum, Esq., of this City, on the Nebraska Bill. Mr. Ketchum, if we are not greatly mistaken, was one of the multitude of counsellors in which the Union found safety in Castle Garden; and we believe he was among the chiefest of the Hundred Slave catchers to whose hands that great Salvation was to be worked out, through the vicarious sufferings of black waiters and porters. We suppose him to have been of that small band of fanatics who believed in the possibility of Mr. Webster's nomination and election, as the consequence of his Seventh of March Speech. The issue of which is contained in this concluding exhortation he gives Mr. Douglas:

"If he (Mr. Douglas) has been actuated, as some say, by ambitious motives, let him stand beside the tomb at Marshfield, and as he, with others, drops the silent tear over the remains of patriotism, let him reflect that beneath him lies a grave dug by *Southern gratitude* for the body of him who died a victim to the protection of Southern rights. Southern Honour lies buried in the grave of CALHOUN; Southern Patriotism expired upon the death-bed of CLAY; and the bells which tolled at the funeral of WEBSTER knelled the last sad requiem over the remains of Southern Gratitude."

Excellent advice it is, too. Only, if he had taken and read the *Standard* and other Anti-Slavery papers for the last ten years, he would not have had to wait for the deaths of Messrs. Calhoun, Clay and Webster to find out the worth of Southern honour, patriotism and gratitude. There would have been no need of their ghosts coming from the grave to tell him that. *We* told Mr. Webster, from the very moment he made that fatal speech, just how it was going to be. We always knew that whatever Honour there might be among thieves, that it was confined strictly to their dealings among themselves, and by no means extended to the world without which was the theatre of their operations, nor even to the accessories there that helped them carry them forward. If Mr. Webster had only applied at the *Liberator* office for advice, when he sent on to Boston to know what sort of a Speech he had better make, who knows but he would have been alive at this moment? He would have been told there exactly what he had to expect, and he would not have died the laughing-stock of the very men to conciliate whom he consented to have his name written down infamous by History. And he would have had this evidence that the Abolitionists are no quacks—inasmuch as we ask nothing for our advice, but are ready to bestow it on all comers, without money and without price—and, indeed, if we can only get a chance, we let them have it, whether they will hear or whether they will forbear.

Of all the political bears with sore heads on the subject of the Nebraska business, or who wish to have the credit of having them, the Webster Whigs (or, rather, Webster men, as they are hardly entitled to be called *Whigs*) are the most sensitive. There is reason for this. They were aware before of the awkward position in which they stood, in maintaining the reality of the transparent humbug of the Danger of the Union. And the utter hollowness and fallacy of the Compromises which were to settle the peace of the Country and the elevation of Mr. Webster at the same time, being now made level to the meanest capacities, they cannot but feel the ridicule which attaches itself to them. Hence their forwardness in protesting against the Bill, the Speeches at the Tabernacle and in Faneuil Hall, and hence the confession of Mr. Commissioner Curtis of his apprehensions for his popularity and his life (each of them having been in equal danger) at the time Sims was caught. And yet what a confession of folly it all is! But men who supposed that Mr. Webster stood any imaginable chance for the Presidency, might well be enough bereft of common sense to believe that the Slaveholders were in earnest to keep their part of any agreement with Freedom. We wonder how these gentlemen would have stood now, had Mr. Webster been President at this moment, and the Nebraska Bill brought forward, just as it has been! But that speculation must be referred to those curious spirits who conjecture what would have been the state of affairs had our Revolution never happened, had Napoleon conquered at Waterloo, and various other things happened otherwise than they have.

That politicians shall ever grow wise is past praying for. *Their* eyes are sealed in a judicial blindness. As Douglas has not learnt wisdom from the fate of Cass and Webster, so will charlatans yet to come be none the wiser for the fate that awaits him. But is there no hope that the multitudes of the Free States, who do not hope even to be more than

"The wisest justice on the banks of Trent,"

is there no hope that *they* may grow to learn in the fulness of time that they are spending their strength for nought and their money (and a great deal of it) for that which satisfieth not? May they not come to know, ere it is too late, that the Devil is as bad a paymaster to millions as he is to individual men? That the goods they enjoy are not bestowed by him in return for the hellish services they contracted to do for him through their Compact written in the blood of Slaves; but bestowed by God in return for services they render to him under the Higher Law of Industry, Ingenuity and Thrift? We cannot tell. But we may hope that the development now making of the rottenness wrought in human character by a long perseverance in such a crime as Slavery, may help them to see that a partnership with such men is folly as well as crime. They have it in their power to rebuke the Evil Spirit which has made merchandise of their souls so long. It is a cowardly fiend, after all, and will slink back to his dungeon before a resolute defiance. If they but resist him, in good earnest, he will flee from them.—E. Q.

NEW YORK was kept in a ferment for three or four days, last week, by the expectation of a duel between Messrs. Cutting and Breckenridge, and the successive reports of the telegraph wires acted like continued shocks of an eletrical machine on a nervous patient. The suspense of the immediate friends of the New York member must, indeed, have been painful if they were kept in anything like the state of doubt that tormented the inquisitive public. The chief news of the morning and evening papers, even to the sixth—or, whatever may be the last issued—edition of the *Express*, was the progress, or want of progress, in the duel, and Bulletin boards, through the day, recorded nothing else that was esteemed of any moment. That accounts were conflicting was nothing; that they were occasionally contradictory, could be borne; but when a dispatch, at 10 o'clock, for instance, would announce that the fight had taken place, that Mr. Cutting was uninjured, but had wounded his opponent in the leg; and when at 10 1-2 o'clock would come another dispatch in which the conscientious reporter would confess to a slight error in the last bulletin, and report that it was not Mr. Breckenridge who was wounded in the leg, but Mr. Cutting who was shot in the neck, surviving but a few minutes; and then at 11 1-4 still another report would assure the gaping public that as yet there was no duel at all, though Mr. Cutting was seen taking his dinner at Alexandria, and Mr. Breckenridge was not to be found; the excitement, which was stretched to its utmost tension, snapped, at length, at least with some people, and interest and anxiety gave way to a pleasanter feeling of the absurdity of the whole affair. After all, here was no duel, for both parties, through the intervention of friends, consented to consider and acknowledge that all that was said in debate was said in a 'Pickwickian' sense, and so, shaking hands over it, returned to their Congressional seats and duties. Congress, therefore, is still in session, and the Union unbroken.

If a duel is not a tragedy, it is a farce, and this unfought one has proved no exception to the general rule. It has been the broadest farce in all the circumstances attending it, without having the redeeming quality of a good cause of quarrel to begin with. Nothing could have made it respectable as a duel but a speedy meeting, and a handsome wound or two fit for, and satisfactory to, a skilful surgeon. It is quite as absurd, too, in all that is attempted to be made out of it as a North-and-South quarrel, as,

great gain, but by no means all that ABOLITIONISTS should ask for, even if it were possible to get them without first getting a great deal more. 'No Slave Territory,' and 'no *more* Slave States,' are things to work for; but *no Slave States at all* includes both these objects, and is the result, we take it, at which the Anti-Slavery cause has aimed for the last quarter of a century. To strive for less is, as it is called, we believe, among Friends, to 'lower the testimony.' And this same fallacy runs through the whole series of these propositions. With the slave States that we have already—with the slave-power actual, positive, fully alive to its own interests, and never intermitting, for a single moment, its eager watchfulness, how is it possible to have a "General Government relieved from all responsibility for Slavery"? The heart may as well say to the ulcerous extremity—I will have nothing to do with you. Is the experience of three-quarters of a century nothing? How came we where we are if it is not precisely because the 'fathers of the Republic' stood where they did? Are we so much better and wiser than the fathers that we can, not only undo the work of these seventy-five years upon our hearts, and consciences, our institutions, social and political, and all our interests, but go back to their simple virtue—if it was such—and start anew in the race, and avoid, for ever after, all the influences that have brought us just where we are? It is useless to say we shall, in the future, avoid the errors of the past, because we see they were errors. The same causes will produce like results, and the great patron-devil of the slaveholders—Compromise—would just as certainly bend us to his will, if he is permitted the least hold of us, in the time to come as he has done in the time that is gone.

No; we must stand in a far different attitude and in a far different position from those of the 'fathers' if we are ever to—not to say free the slaves, but—be free ourselves. It is because they made one compact with Slavery that we have made many; it is because they consented to be partners that we have bound ourselves as apprentices; it is because they consented to what, in their eyes, may have been a little evil, that we have, with our eyes open, over and over again, and, with malice aforethought, perpetrated wrong upon wrong; and it is neither rational, philosophical nor moral to hope that, with all the influence of this evil growth of nearly a century against us, with all the wrong itself unrepealed and unatoned for against us, with all the immensely increased power which has been thus created against us, that we can start anew from the same point, and, hampered and crippled with the same bonds, win the race in the same struggle. But when *we* see a political organization that will avow its determination to plant itself where the fathers of the Republic did *not* stand; that will confess and repudiate the error, not to call it the crime, of which *they* were guilty; and boldly and openly declare that if we are to have any Union it must be a *new* one in which Slavery has neither part, nor lot, nor mercy; then we, for our part, shall welcome it as, if not the substance of things hoped for, at least as the evidence of things not seen.

THE MILWAUKEE SLAVE RESCUE.

Two more arrests, in addition to that of Mr. Booth of the *Milwaukee Free Democrat*, have been made for aiding and abetting the rescue of Glover. The accused parties are Charles Clement, of the *Racine Advocate*, Wm. H. Waterman, and George S. Wright. The former had not been found at the last date, but both the latter appeared and gave bail, in $2,000 each, without undergoing the preliminary examination before the Commissioner. Mr. Booth appeared before that functionary, and defended himself, aided by Mr. Paine as counsel. The principle point of the defence was that there was no evidence before the Court to show that Glover was a fugitive slave, or that he was owing labour or service to the claimant, Garland, even by the laws of Missouri. The Commissioner, however, held Mr. Booth to bail in the sum of $2,000, to appear for trial the United States Court at Madison. Mr. Booth, in his defence, made a speech from which we take this specimen:

But I am frank to say—and the prosecution may make the most of it—that I sympathize with the rescuers of Glover, and rejoice at his escape. I rejoice that, in the first attempt of the slave-hunters to convert our jail into a slave pen, and our citizens into slave-catchers, they have been signally foiled, and that it has been decided, by the spontaneous uprising and sovereign voice of the people, that no human being can be dragged into bondage from Milwaukee. *And I am bold to say, that, rather than have the great constitutional rights and safeguards of the people—the Writ of Habeas Corpus and the right of Trial by Jury—stricken down by this Fugitive Law*, I WOULD PREFER TO SEE EVERY FEDERAL OFFICER IN WISCONSON HANGED ON A GALLOW'S FIFTY CUBITS HIGHER THAN HAMAN'S. [Loud cheering. The Court said, if it was repeated, the room should be cleared of spectators. And Marshal Cotton ejected Mr. McNeil from the room for cheering.

May it please the Court: I understand well, and this community understand well, why I have been singled out by the prosecution. It is not because I am specially guilty, or more guilty than hundreds whom the slave-catcher's attorney would not think of prosecuting, but because it is desired to make an *example* of me, and the Slave Power wants me for a victim. That power wishes to introduce the discipline of the Slave plantation among the Editorial fraternity, to silence their voice in behalf of Freedom, and therefore it cracks its lash, or gets the District Attorney and this honourable Court to crack it, about my ears, as one thought to be most in need of such discipline. My conviction and punishment, it is hoped, will strike terror into the hearts of the people, and compel them to stifle those feelings of humanity, implanted in every human soul, which prompt them to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, hide the outcasts and obey the commands of a merciful God, instead of the edicts of cruel and wicked men.

I have done nothing in this case which, living, I could wish to forget, or, dying, I would wish to blot out of the memory of mankind. Whatever may be the finding of this Court, I stand acquitted in the judgment, in the hearts and consciences, of all who love Freedom and hate oppression—of all who stand for Order, regulated by righteous law—of all who value Republican institutions, and who would transmit them pure and free as a heritage to their children—of all who scorn the ineffably mean and inhuman business of kidnapping and slave-catching—of all who honour man or manhood and despise base sycophancy and servile fawning to the Slave Power, and of all who would die on the battle field or the gibbet, rather than sacrifice their conscience, deny their Maker, and surrender their liberties to the vilest despotism the sun ever shone upon (great sensation).

THE JONATHAN LEMMON SLAVE CASE.—It will be remembered that an appeal was made, in this case, to the Supreme Court, the indignant State of Virginia taking it upon herself to step into the place of Lemmon, as the principle involved is one which concerns not merely her individual interest, but that of all the people of the Southern States. Unquestionably she is right in this assumption; but as the South is concerned on the one side, the North is no less concerned on the other, and New York, as the State in which the first decision was given, is quite as much bound, for her own sake and that of the whole North, to meet Virginia in her determination to push the question to a final settlement, as Virginia is bound, by her allegiance, to make the attempt. "Slavery is sectional, Freedom national," said Mr. Summer, and he never said a more untrue thing. The fact is just the reverse, and this case is one of the proofs of it that are constantly occurring. A fugitive slave may be taken anywhere, and it is the legal duty of the North to see that a slave-hunt, on her soil, is never fruitless. But to protect the rights of freemen is nobody's business but that of the individuals themselves; and if, with the whole influence of the slave-power against them, they fail, it is the individual's misfortune and the South's gain. It is Freedom that is sectional, and it is getting to be hardly that.

The decision of the State Court in the Lemmon case was made on the recognised principle of the common law, that where men are not held as slaves by positive enactment, they are not slaves, but freemen. Lemmon, therefore, had no more right to hold the people, whom he had brought here, as slaves, because they were such in Virginia, than they had to bind him and his wife and make them chattels because they were numerically superior, and were out of the reach of the municipal laws of that State. But Virginia wishes to extend her laws over the free States still farther than the Constitution has done already, and the occasion of the Lemmon case is too good an one to be lost. The right to take slaves *in transitu* into the Northern States will be the first step toward holding them there in perpetuity. If New York—or the North—cared for Freedom as Virginia does for Slavery, she would be met at the outset in this bold attempt to strengthen Slavery on northern soil; but not caring, no such thing is done, and this Lemmon case may go to a pro-slavery Supreme Court, uninfluenced by any northern effort to secure a just decision. The Judiciary Committee of the Senate, at Albany, have reported adverse to the petition of Wm. C. Bryant, Horace Greeley, and others, that counsel be appointed to defend in the appeal, and the Senate has agreed to the report. So if anybody wishes counsel to appear in this case of Slavery *vs.* Liberty, made by Virginia, they may manage it as they please, and as they can find the means. The State decides that she has nothing to do with it.

COLOURED CITIZENS AND THE RIGHT OF VOTING.—Our coloured fellow-citizens, it seems, are not yet reconciled to taxation without representation, notwithstanding the authoritative decision of the white people of the State, three years since. Some of them have been asking the right of franchise of the Assembled Wisdom at Albany, and have, at length, got their answer. The Judiciary Committee have reported adverse to the petition, and the Senate have sustained the report. It is gratifying to see, however, that the vote was 18 to 12. This, we suppose, settles the question for this session, but, we trust, for this session only. The coloured citizens ought and, no doubt, will bring it before every successive Legislature; and let there be "no peace to the wicked" till the right demanded be obtained. A brief debate ensued on the report of the Committee in the Senate, which we copy to mark progress. The coloured people of this city will mark that Brooks, of the *Express*, is among their opponents, though none of them could have expected anything else.

The Judiciary Committee reported adverse on the petition asking that the elective franchise be extended to the coloured citizens of this State.

The CHAIR—The question is, Shall the report of the Committee be agreed to?

Mr. CROSBY—On that I call for the Yeas and Nays.

The roll being called, it was found that many Senators present did not vote.

Mr. CROSBY insisted on every Senator being compelled to vote.

Mr. PUTNAM asked to be excused. He had heard his name called twice, but he did not know the motive of the question before the Senate. He understood, however, that it was a request of certain persons that we should pass a law eventually to amend the Constitution. If this was so, it was a question of too much importance to compel Senators to vote thus summarily.

The Senate refused to excuse him, and he voted "Aye."

Mr. Z. CLARK now asked to be excused. The subject had not been before the Senate scarce three days, and he had not had time to apprise himself even of its general bearing.

Messrs. CROSBY and DANFORTH hoped the Senator would not be excused.

Mr. Brooks insisted that he should be excused. It was wrong that Senators should be compelled to vote on reports made here helter-skelter, amid the confusion attending our morning session.

Mr. HOPKINS stated that the petition asked for a material alteration of the fundamental laws of our State, in a particular, too, on which the people have voted since the adoption of the New Constitution. They decided emphatically against what this petition asks for. The Committee were not aware that the public mind had undergone any change in this respect, and thus had reported against the prayer of the petitioners.

Mr. Z. CLARK was excused, and the report of the Committee was agreed to, as follows:

YEAS—Messrs. Barnard, Barr, Brooks, Danforth, Hitchcock, Hopkins, Lansing, Putnam, Spencer, Storing, Watkins, Whitney, Yost—13.

NAYS—Bishop, Bradford, Betts, M. H. Clark, W. Clark, Crosby, Dickinson, Dorrance, Field, Munroe, Richards, Williams—12.

LOUISIANA ON CUBAN SLAVERY.—On the last night of the recent session of the Legislature of Louisiana, the following resolutions were adopted by both houses.

Be it Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives, in General Assembly convened, That we view with regret and alarm the policy recently inaugurated by the Government of Spain in the Island of Cuba, the manifest object of which must be the abolition of Slavery in that Colony, and the sacrifice of the white race, with its arts, commerce and civilization, to a barbarous and inferior race.

Resolved, That the consummation of this policy will exercise a most pernicious influence upon the institutions and interests, social, commercial and political, of the United States.

Resolved, In our judgment, the time has arrived when the Federal Government should adopt the most decisive and energetic measures to thwart and defeat a policy conceived in hatred to this Republic, and calculated to retard her progress and prosperity.

Nobody will doubt that these people mean just what they say, and if they had said more, and declared that they would not quietly submit to see Spain pursue the policy alluded to, we should have given them implicit credence. The South *believes* in Slavery; the North has a sort of traditional regard for Liberty, which she loves to talk about. There lies the great difference between the two sections. It amounts always to the difference between saying and doing. A Southern Resolve, therefore, is a fact to be noted, for it means *resolution* in something more than the technical sense. Louisiana announces her 'judgment,' and when that shall be recognised as that of the whole South, the Federal Government may be relied upon to take the path pointed out to her. If it was not created for the purpose, it is the chief end of its existence. If the North ever finds that out, its Resolutions also will have a meaning.

THE TEMPERANCE BILL VETOED.—The hopes of the advocates of the Maine Law have received an unexpected damper in the veto of the Temperance Bill by Gov. Seymour. The objections he makes to it in his message are argued at length, but are briefly these:

That the bill authorizes searches to be made for evidence of an infringement of the law which are not lawful even in cases of murder or other heinous crimes, and is therefore contrary to the Constitution, which guarantees to the citizen the right of being exempt from such unreasonable invasion of his domicil.

That that provision of the Constitution which forbids the taking of private property "without compensation and due process of law" will be violated by the seizure and destruction of liquors as authorized by the bill.

That persons suspected of violating the law are compelled, contrary to the Constitution, to become witnesses against themselves.

That it provides for the punishment of offenders without requiring that complete proof of the violation of law which is required in all other criminal cases.

And that the extreme severity of the bill will make the execution of the law impossible in some places, and difficult in all, and that this, in the end, will probably lead to its becoming a dead letter upon the Statute-book.

These arguments of the Governor are looked upon by a large portion of the press as of great force, but the temperance papers either deny his conclusions or defend the necessity of the acknowledged stringency of the provisions of the bill. It is, at any rate, clear that we are to have no other temperance law than we have already, for the present, as on the question of the passage of the bill, after the Governor's veto, the vote was 14 to 13, as follows:

AYES.—Messrs. Bishop, Bradford, Butts, M. H. Clark, Dickinson, Dorrance, Field, Hopkins, Monroe, Putman, Richards, Robertson, Whitney, Williams—14.

NAYS.—Messrs. Bernard, Barr, Brooks, Crosby, Danforth, Hitchcock, Hutchins, Lansing, Pratt, Storing, Spencer, Watkins, Yost—13.

The Temperance question, therefore, becomes the bone of contention in the next State election, as the friends of that reform are clearly not disposed to give it up so.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, THE AUBURN CONVICT.—A correspondent of the *Tribune* gives some particulars relative to the slave Washington recently discharged from the State's Prison at Auburn, from which it appears he is, by no means, the desperate character which he has been represented to be by the newspapers. The time, we hope, will come when it will seem probable, or even possible, that a fugitive slave is not necessarily a scoundrel, and we should consider such a state of public opinion a far better evidence of a wholesome Anti-Slavery sentiment than all the Nebraska Conventions that can be got together between the Potomac and the St. Croix. The *Tribune's* correspondent says:

I was the Sabbath School instructor of a person by the above name in Auburn State Prison during the years 1845 and '46. The release of such a person one week since, and an attempt to return him to Slavery, brings to mind George Washington as he was ten years since. Of the truthfulness of his statements I have no doubt. He was only a youth and but a few months out of Slavery, when, through ignorance, redressing a white man's wrongs, he was arrested as a criminal—charged as a burglar. All, so far as I know, who listened to his story, regarded him guiltless. Rather than be punished he said he would die, and on one occasion drew a knife on the keeper in prison, which forbid all hope of securing his early liberation by the Governor. He told me that he made three trials to escape before successful, and once came near being drowned in the Tennessee River, while on a mule, but resolved to be free or die. His master lived near the plantation of James K. Polk, "the little man with standing-up hair" he had heard spoken of so often, and *he* didn't believe he was President, "though reckoned mighty smart." George was about three-fourths white, with a noble head; at times so depressed that he meditated suicide, but quick to learn and active in the shop; altogether a man of mark among the hundreds with stripes, and now safe in Canada. It is a safe conjecture that he will be heard from, defiant of his early oppressors, rising to the noble dignity to which his native talents give title.

G.

ALBERTI, THE SLAVE-CATCHER.—This notorious scoundrel, the great slave-catcher, of Philadelphia, the object of the pardoning mercy of Gov. Bigler, the chief Union-Saver of the Middle States, and the favourite of the United States officials of Pennsylvania, has appeared recently in a new character, but one quite in keeping with his previous career. It is well to exhibit, whenever it is possible, the sort of instruments which are, and must be, relied on to carry out that great act of 1850, the very key of the arch of the Constitution, obedience to which is enforced as the first patriotic duty of all good citizens and Christians. Therefore we copy from the Philadelphia *Bulletin* the following relation of an incident which that paper designates as the return of barbarism:

At the execution of David Jewell, in Pittsburgh, on Friday, the Sheriff employed a professional hangman, said to be the notorious George Alberti, formerly of Philadelphia, and now residing in Baltimore. The same man is said to have been the executioner of Arthur Spring and of one or two other victims of the law. When engaged in the work of his despicable professiop, this monster disguises himself in a style that would be absurd if it were not for the circumstances of the scene, which made it absolutely revolting. At Pittsburgh, on Friday, he wore a white shirt and white pantaloons, the latter held up by a red scarf around his waist. His face was painted a hideous red; long false red hair fell in matted curls over his shoulders, while huge black whiskers covered the lower part of his face. The brute that insulted humanity by appearing in this horrible dress behaved with corresponding heartlessness on the scaffold, and, in binding the prisoner and removing his fetters, was so rough and violent that the Sheriff was compelled to take the task out of his hands. His conduct, up to the time of the prisoner's death-struggles, was equally brutal, and it so shocked the witnesses of the execution that they were disposed to lay violent hands on him.

☞ THE Committee of the Legislature at Albany to whom was referred the memorial asking the recognition of the rights of women have reported respectfully, but adversely, to the prayer of the memorialists. The same Committee, however, reported the following bill, which is an improvement on the present condition of the law on the points embraced:

AN ACT RELATIVE TO THE RIGHTS OF MARRIED WOMEN.

§ 1. Any married woman, whose husband, either from drunkenness, profligacy, or any other cause, shall neglect, or refuse, to provide for her support and education, or for the support and education of her children, and any married woman who may be deserted by her husband, shall have the right, by her own name, to receive and collect her own earnings, and apply the same for her own support, and the support and education of her children, free from the control and interference of her husband, or of any person claiming to be released from the same, by or through her husband.

§ 2. Hereafter it shall be necessary to the validity of every indenture of apprenticeship executed by the father that the mother of such child, if she be living, shall, in writing, consent to such indentures, nor shall any appointment of a general guardian of the person of a child by the father be valid, unless the mother of such child, if she be living, shall in writing consent to such appointment.

ANOTHER "SETTLER."—Connecticut, a Democratic State, held its annual election on Monday, and presents Mr. Pierce just such another "settler," only more of it, as he has recently received from New Hampshire. Notwithstanding the efforts of the Democratic papers to convince the people that the Nebraska-Kansas bill was not a Democratic measure, the voters were obstinately bent on holding to their own notion about it, and the result is, as follows:

Seventeen Whig and four Democratic Senators are elected.

HOUSE.—132 Whig and Anti-Nebraska Representatives and 94 Democrats.

Mr. Ingham, the Democratic candidate for Governor, lacks five thousand votes of an election.

This secures an anti-extension-of-Slavery Senator, as one is to be chosen by this legislature in place of Truman Smith, whose term expires. But the influence on politicians, at Washington, and their schemes is still more important. Precisely how great it will be is not yet apparent.

ANOTHER PRESENT FOR DOUGLAS.—The women of New Lebanon Springs, following the example of some of their Ohio sisters, have sent a present to Stephen Arnold Douglas of thirty pieces more of silver. Like the former gift, the coin was stitched into a bit of muslin, and accompanied by the following letter:

NEW LEBANON SPRINGS, Wednesday, March 29, 1854.

To Stephen Arnold Douglas: We, the undersigned, women of New Lebanon Springs, in the State of New York, do herein inclose thirty pieces of silver, being, in our estimation, the full value of such a Traitor to Human Freedom as you have proved yourself:

[Here follow a list of thirty names.]

☞ MRS. STOWE, it is said, has made a donation of $1,000 in aid of a school established at Washington by Miss Miner, for the education of coloured children. That lady has devoted herself to this benevolent purpose for two or three years past, and has had, we believe, some difficulties to contend with. Mrs. Stowe's assistance is, doubtless, very timely.

LETTER FROM LONDON.

From an Occasional Correspondent.

LONDON, March 12th, 1854.

THE notorious Webb is here, writing letters to the *Times*, on the subject of international law; and as he assumes quite the tone of a respectable person, is no doubt taken for such by the readers of the journal, which introduces his communications in a manner which that individual will no doubt regard as very flattering. The *Times* and, indeed, all the leading English journals are just now courting favour with Americans, and cannot afford to be very particular with regard to the class, inasmuch as too great nicety in this respect might interfere with that harmonious co-operation which they hope to establish between our government and that of Great Britain, in the approaching contest in the East. Indeed, the *Times* could not, perhaps, pursue a wiser course than that of securing the support of such person as the one alluded to, inasmuch as their influence is, I believe, generally understood to be very powerful with the Government of the United States. You are quite well enough acquainted with the nature of diplomacy to be aware that a course of action similar to that I have referred to does not at all, necessarily, interfere with the right of private judgment.

A striking instance of a similar course has recently been given by Lord Palmerston, on the occasion of the banquet to Sir Charles Napier, just appointed admiral of the fleet for the Baltic. One of the toasts proposed by the noble Viscount was "Their *Majesties* the Emperor and Empress of the French," on which occasion he referred, in glowing language, to the "sincerity," "straightforwardness," and other kindred qualities, of the more important of the "Majesties" mentioned—qualities which have not, I believe, been hitherto regarded as very well defined nor fully developed in the character of the personage referred to. All this the leading journals have echoed faithfully, as it is their duty to do, and the English people will, doubtless, be quite amiable enough to believe that the *Times* and its compeers laboured under some huge and unaccountable error in depicting French majesty in that truly graphic, not to say flattering, manner which marked their artistic efforts in that line a year and a half ago. To be sure, Lord Palmerston and the journalists referred to avoid making themselves altogether ridiculous, by abstaining entirely from all generalities with regard to the career of the amiable personage whom they are about presenting with a character, confining themselves, in their eulogies, exclusively to laudations of the uncommon uprightness which has marked his course in his recent negotiations with the English government in regard to the Eastern question. Of course "his majesty" is more than satisfied with these flattering demonstrations on the part of people who really occupy a respectable position in society, and he has every reason to be so; and then, *besides*, an alliance with a people so remarkable for their stability as the English cannot be otherwise than agreeable to one who has great cause to apprehend trouble from the fickleness and ingratitude of the French people. Such an alliance is, in all likelihood, regarded by him in the light of a tacit pledge to assist him in the maintenance of that "order" in behalf of which he has so unremittingly laboured ever since the *coup d'etat*, and then, in addition to all this "glory," is known to be one of those amiable weaknesses which have for a long time marked the character of the French nation, and, through the medium of this alliance, fresh acquisitions in that field will no doubt be made.

Seriously, however, there is no doubt that the English people, in the mass, are quite honest and sincere in the belief that this war was undertaken for the defence of the weak against the strong, of the oppressed against the oppressor; if they had not been, the unanimity which exists in favour of its energetic prosecution could never have been attained. It was necessary first, above all things to convince them of this, and to that end, accordingly, the main efforts were directed. This feeling, together with the fear of the increasing influence of a despotic State, already powerful, the spirit of whose institutions is felt to be antagonistic to that of their own, constitute the strength of the government in all it is doing at this time. That the war is popular, there can be no doubt; the Queen, on her appearance in the midst of the fleet at Spithead, the other day, was received with the most uproarious enthusiasm by the soldiery about to embark there for the East. And the intentions of the government are, no doubt, in the main, altogether proper, and Lord Palmerston's course has been as honourable as could be expected, and as is possible for those of a man placed in his position; still, it must ever be a source of regret not that the English people have entered into an alliance with the French nation (for everything which tends to promote good feeling and harmony, especially between rival nations, is always to be hailed with joy), but that the British Government should feel itself called upon to disgrace itself and the noble people it represents by entering into a league with the low ruffian who, as Emperor of the French, is elbowing his way up into respectability, with that unshaken impudence which is the surest pledge of success.

A very singular and striking incident occurred, a few days ago, at Windsor. Notice had been given in that place that a public lecture would be given, on a specified evening, on Roman Catholicism. In the interval which elapsed between the announcement and the night appointed for the lecture, the Mayor of the town was visited by a Romish priest of the vicinity, who declared to that person not that he, the priest, would use all his influence to preserve order and secure a fair hearing for his Protestant antagonist, which influence would, doubtless, have been quite equal to the emergency, but that he had every reason to fear dangerous personal violence to the lecturer if he persisted in his design, the more especially as there were some six hundred Catholic soldiers quartered in Windsor. Hereupon the Mayor took the necessary measures for the suppression of the meeting, *which was positively not held.* And all this at the favourite residence of her Protestant Majesty, Queen Victoria, the Head of the Anglican Church.

You may be inclined to regard this piece of arrogant interference, on the part of the Catholic priesthood, with the right of free discussion as anything but compatible with the spirit of progress and the welfare of the human race; lest, however, you should be induced to set it down as an isolated case, even here, in Protestant England, I will just mention that the Rev. Mr. Oakley, in Oxford "pervert," as his class are very properly denominated, did, on the 5th ultimo, publicly, in the city of London, damn and consign to eternal destruction the souls of all unruly Catholics who should persevere in the awful crime of sending their children to certain Protestant schools which he mentioned.

"This Frere bosteth that he knoweth helle,
And, God it wot, that is but litel wonder,
Freres and fendes ben but litel asonder."

A movement has been made, recently, in Parliament, to enquire into the question as to whether restraint is, as is publicly alleged, exercised over females in monastic institutions in the United Kingdoms. During the debates incident upon this question, and upon the proposition made to give Catholic priests access to such prisoners in the public jails as were members of that church (whether the prisoners desired it or not), some very edifying facts were elicited, not at all tending to strengthen the conviction that such admission would be beneficial either to the criminals or to the community at large. Though the Catholics are notoriously vastly in the minority in the kingdom, the prison returns prove conclusively that the most enormous disparity exists in the proportion of crime among Catholics and Protestants, telling fearfully against the morality inculcated by spiritual servants of the Romish hierarchy. Out of a little more than a thousand convicts in the public jails, more than eight hundred are members of the Catholic church. Such facts are not the result of accident.

With regard to monastic institutions, they were shown to be greatly on the increase, and it is well known that there are between four and five hundred Jesuits in Great Britain, labouring very steadily, after the manner of their kind, for that end which they are determined upon attaining, viz., the complete subjection of the world to the domination of the Church of Rome. With reference to the number of nunneries, as reported by a Catholic publication zealous in the interests of Holy Mother Church, it was elicited that some of the institutions bearing that name numbered but from five to seven inmates. *Punch* very sensibly proposes that all these shall, in future, be called "next-to-noneries."

The weather is very fine. If it continues so, I shall take advantage of it in the course of a week or two, and proceed northward, for the purpose of taking a short tour in Scotland, which I have not yet visited.

H. W. G.

For the Standard.

FREEMEN, LET THE BONDMEN FREE!

By Grace De La Vérité.

Freemen, listen to the cry
Of those who plead for liberty;
Do not let them vainly sigh,
Sons of Freedom, wake!

Ye, who would the nations lead,
Firm in Freedom's path to tread,
Cling not to things that should be dead;
Sons of Freedom, wake!

No such blemish be your shame,
No trail of serpent mar your fame,
Give not your foes such cause for blame;
Sons of Freedom, wake!

Not an inch to tyranny,
Be ye firm as ye are free,
Freemen make the bondmen free;
Sons of Freemen, wake!

SUMMARY.

The remains of the late John Howard Payne (the author of "Home, Sweet Home") are to be brought to this country and placed in the Congressional burial-ground, and a suitable monument erected to his memory at the expense of the government.

The New Orleans *Commercial Bulletin* suggests that it would be a capital idea to establish a savings bank in that city, where, with the consent of their owners, slaves may deposit their earnings. Many, it thinks, would be enabled to purchase their freedom, and colonize to Liberia. The *Bulletin* mentions an instance where a slave had deposited $350 with an irresponsible person, and was unable to recover it.

ANOTHER FUGITIVE FAMILY SAFE.—Last week, a coloured man, wife, and children, fugitives from Virginia bondage, were passed on to Plainfield, when a prompt gathering of the freedom-loving citizens of that town was had, pocket-books drawn as never before to raise a fund, the fleetest teams in the place volunteered, and the fugitives sent on their way to Canada. Nine hours after they left Plainfield, it is said, the balked pursuers reached Montpelier, and giving up the chase, went back again. Hurrah for the Fugitive Slave Law!—*Montpelier (Vt.) Freeman, 16th ult.*

Senator Badger (of N. C.) has presented the memorial (to which he referred some days ago) of 41 citizens of North Carolina against the passage of the Nebraska bill. He said that of the 41 signatures 17 bore the name of White, and he was satisfied they were members of the highly respectable Society of Friends. The memorialists oppose the bill on the supposition that there is some provision in it involving a breach of National faith. He believed that the memorialists were all reasonable and just men; and he had no doubt but that they were all at this time perfectly satisfied that they were wrong in their opinion of the bill.

REPORT FROM THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.—Henry Street, of Maryland, is happy to say to his friends in Maryland, that "the half had not been told" of the blessings of freedom, and he wishes all his friends to come on.

☞ Henry Gibson and David Picquette have arrived at this depot from Warren, Missouri.

They bid us be of good cheer, as the road is doing good business. They say we may anticipate larger dividends this year than ever before.

These two men wish their professed owners, John Ferguson and Richard Direct, to know that they are safe on the Queen's free soil, and regret that these two individuals were so simple as to advertise them, offering a reward of two thousand dollars.—*Voice of the Fugitive.*

LAID UPON THE SHELF!—So, public opinion has been too strong for the Nebraska swindlers! And Douglas's bill rende[red] the Missouri Compromise "inoperative" (genteel term [for] has been referred to the Committee of the Whole in the Ho[use], which places it number fifty on the calendar. That is a good way off—nine months at least—and before it can come up again, the people will have rendered such a verdict of condemnation against it, that Douglas and all who consented to aid him in carrying the measure through the Senate will be heartily sick of their agency in the matter.—*Louisville (Ky.) Courier.*

It is pleasant to listen (adds the Albany *Journal*) to language like this from Southern journals. It shows that the contract of Slavery is not sufficient to induce a universal disregard of Plighted Faith.

WANTS TO EMANCIPATE.—We learn that Mr. Christy, agent of the Colonization Society, has been offered a group of slaves, in one of the Southern States, valued at $15,000. The owner cannot emancipate them where he lives, and must remove to some other State to effect his purpose. He has educated the parents, with a view to send them to Liberia, and is now desirous of accomplishing his design.

In view of the uncertainties attending the execution of wills, in reference to slave property, and the liability of his slaves being scattered after his death, he thus closes his appeal to Mr. Christy: "I abhor the thought of their being sold after I die. My reason for wishing to emancipate now is, I don't wish the devil to get my soul, and the lawyers my money. Pity me for Jesus's sake, and give me good counsel. Your brother in Christ."

Mr. C. informs us he has written to the owner that he will accept the offer, as he feels confident the citizens of Ohio will enable him to send them to Liberia.—*Cin. Times.*

MURDER AND SUBSEQUENT EXECUTION IN THE CREEK NATION.—We learn from gentlemen recently from the Creek Nation that about three weeks ago a negro slave (Jim) belonging to Mr. Watt Grayson, residing at North Fork, C. N., murdered two Creeks, one named Menows, who had, by order of Mr. Grayson, tied his—the negro's—brother, whom Mr. G. had sold to a trader from Louisiana. Subsequently, by order of several Chiefs of the Creek Nation, he was condemned to be executed according to the forms of the Creek law—and seated on a log, his head covered with a blanket, he received two rifle balls, and fell dead. The executioners were the nearest relatives of the deceased. Now, though we have no doubt but that this culprit richly deserved his fate, we cannot but express our regret that he was not handed over to the United States authorities, to be tried by their law, as an evidence that the Indians are a law-abiding people, and unwilling to wrest from the United States the jurisdiction which they claim over all offenses committed in the Indian country, "except crimes committed by one Indian against the person or property of another Indian."—*Chickasaw Intelligencer.*

AN "AFFECTIONATE" MAN.—Whatever opinions may be entertained as to the warrior-like or statesman-like qualities of "New Hampshire's own Frank Pierce," on one point there can be no doubt. He is an "affectionate man"—as unmistakably as Dodge's hero is an "Unfortunate Man." Every incident, almost, of his life shows him to be "affectionate." His great candy feat showed it. His "surprise" when he was nominated showed it. His inaugural showed it. His attention to his "old cronies," at Washington, has shown it. And, latest of all, his attention to certain members of the Legislature is showing it at this time brighter than ever.

As a remarkable proof that he is "affectionate," we have been shown several copies of Moses Norris's ruffianly speech in favour of the Nebraska bill, which were "franked" by 'New Hampshire's favourite son' to Independent Democratic members of the next House of Representatives. In addition to the Presidential frank, each speech had written across the first page, in the President's hand-writing, the following:

"*With the affectionate regards*
of your friend,
FRANK PIERCE."

As these were sent to men not personally acquainted with the "affectionate" man from whom they were received, there seems to be strong ground for supposing that "our own Frank Pierce" has "affectionate regards" for "all the world and the rest of mankind;" and that he is, therefore, "A v-e-r-y a-f-f-e-c-t-i-o-n-a-t-e m-a-n."—*Independent Democrat.*

FUGITIVE SLAVES.—The editor of the Burlington (Vt.) *Tribune* has been violating the fugitive slave law very recently, and, although no one is better acquainted with the magnitude of the offence, and the penalties that await him, he seems to manifest no signs of regret or repentance. On the contrary, he rather glories in what he has done, if we may judge from the following extract from his paper of the 23d instant:

"Two days since, four young men passed through this place, *en route* for Canada, the land of the free. Slaves they were, but are so no more, thank God. They were from Virginia, and had been two weeks on the way. Though comparatively safe here, they could not be contented, so long as the fear of pursuit was upon them. We sent them on to Canada, by the aid of faithful and kind friends, bidding them God speed. They came by the 'underground' from New York city. Beautiful Fugitive Slave Law, ain't it? It is a great Union Saver, ain't it? Success to every Fugitive who escapes from bondage. We rejoice in the opportunity to aid them.

"'Major Thornton, back of Wheeling, Va., some 200 miles' is hereby notified, that his boy, 'Jake,' who used to hoe corn and tobacco before him (and under the whip), is safe in the Queen's dominions, and that he need have no more trouble about him.

"He stepped out because he didn't want to be whipped that night.

"Also, Mr. 'Jo Green,' of Wheeling, is informed that his man, 'Jo Brown,' is perfectly safe in Canada.

"Ditto, Mr. James Ward, of Richmond, in regard to his man, 'Jim Speek.'

"Ditto, to Major Clough, of his 'chattel,' Jim Brown."

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW WITH THE WISCONSIN DEMOCRACY.—We observe that the most of the press in Wisconsin, while regretting the breaking in of the jail, express the sentiment that it would not have occurred, had not the United States Senate passed a bill to repeal the Missouri Compromise. The *Appleton Crescent* (a Democratic paper) says:

"So ends the arrest of the first fugitive in Wisconsin. We do not believe that if the United States Senate had not interfered to break down the Missouri Compromise, this slave would not have been rescued, and the laws trampled under foot."

The *Burr Oak*, which is edited by a prominent Democrat, who was a Cass Elector in 1848, remarks:

"It is not very surprising to us that this thing should be. The public of this region is indignant at the attempted repeal of the Missouri Compromise. Any attempt to enforce the Fugitive Slave Law at this time, would meet with but little co-operation. The open resistance may be laid to the charge of those engaged in the Nebraska affair."

The *Ozaukee Co. Times* (Dem.), after stating that Glover has escaped to Canada, exclaims:

"Good! But just think of it, a man have to flee from the land of the *free* to the realms of monarchial and aristocratic Britain to enjoy even personal freedom!" It adds:

"The spirit which incited and effected the rescue of Glover is the same which incited and effected our national liberties. The revolutionary fathers rose in arms against unjust and oppressive laws which were authoritative; the citizens of Milwaukee rose in their might against a law which deprives human beings of personal liberty and tore from its relentless grasp a victim. That sprit, wherever it manifests itself, we honour. We honour the revolutionary father, so do we honour the citizens of Milwaukee."

LAST SURVIVOR OF THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.—The venerable Jonathan Harrington, of Lexington, the last survivor of the memorable conflict of April 19, 1775, died yesterday, in the 96th year of his age. The deceased was born in Lexington, where his father was a prominent citizen. He had designed his son Jonathan for college, and the lad was engaged in his studies when the revolutionary war commenced. Though but 17 years of age, he was connected with the Provincial militia, and at the battle of Lexington played the fife for one of the companies in that engagement. His father's house was ransacked by the British troops, and the books of the youthful student were destroyed. By that wanton act his future course of life was changed. The loss of his books was fatal to the pursuit of his studies, and he followed the occupation of a farmer. During the last quarter of a century he has been the object of much regard to his neighbours and all visitors of Lexington. His presence on public occasions has given added interest to numerous celebrations, and as the number of revolutionary veterans has decreased, he has received a larger share of public attention. His old age was passed surrounded by his relatives, who watched with much interest the evident decay of his vital powers. He had many visitors, and most of his conversation related to the interesting scenes of his early life. The actors in the opening scenes of the American Revolution have all been "gathered to their fathers." By the death of Mr. Harrington, the connecting link is broken between the present generation and those who took a firm stand in the field against the power of the mother country, 79 years ago next month. He lived to see his native land achieve its independence, and become one of the mighty powers among the nations. He was born a Colonist, but died an American citizen, full of years and crowned with much honour.—*Boston Transcript 27th ult.*

AN OUTRAGE AT LOUISVILLE—A LITTLE GIRL OF THIS CITY ARRESTED AS A SLAVE.—Some time since, a little coloured girl named Mary Jane Scott, of this city, visited New Orleans, with her uncle, to see an aunt who resided there. After finishing her visit, she was placed in charge of Mr. D. Anderson, of this city, who was then in New Orleans with his family.

The party took passage on the fine steamer R. H. Winslow, Captain McGill, and had a pleasant and unannoyed passage until their arrival at Louisville. The Winslow stopped a short time at that place, and without the knowledge of Mr. Anderson, several police officers boarded the steamer, and, against the protestations of the clerk and captain, carried the little coloured girl off, under the plea that she was a fugitive slave.

She was taken before a Court in Louisville, and committed to jail, until her friends could prove her freedom.

To do this, it was necessary to come to Cincinnati. An attorney was employed, and sent down with the necessary documents, and she arrived here yesterday morning. Beside the anxiety and vexation to her friends, it has cost them about fifty dollars to obtain her release. It is said

Miscellaneous Department.

FACTS FROM HISTORY.

In the height of her glory and renown, the Republican City of Athens contained, according to the best authorities, 308,000 inhabitants, classified as follows: 67,000 free citizens; 40,000 free foreigners enjoying the legal rights of citizens, including the right to hold slaves; and 201,000 slaves! Some authors give the numbers of slaves as much larger than this. We take the lowest computation of any authority. Among the class of slaveholding foreigners at Athens was the orator Lysias, who owned 120 slaves. Demosthenes, whose harangues against tyranny every school boy and Congressmen quotes and prates about, owned 53 slaves as white as himself, of the same blood, fashioned by God in the same Caucasian mould. In Sparta, the population was one-third free and two-thirds slaves, being the same proportion exactly as at Athens.

In the early days of the Roman Republic, the number of slaves were very limited. In the year 470 B. C., they formed only a sixteenth part of the population; but so rapidly did the curse extend that two hundred and fifty years thereafter, when on the breaking out of the second Punic War, a census of Roman Italy was taken to determine how many were of suitable age to bear arms, there were found to be over eight millions of inhabitants, of whom one-half were slaves. The vast private fortunes of Roman gentlemen at this and later periods may be inferred from the number of their slaves. Of these, one individual owned ten thousand; others owned five to eight thousand each. We believe the largest number of human beings now in this country in the hands of one man, as chattels, is less than five thousand—the property of Wade Hampton, Esq. The education and refinement of the Roman masters and mistresses, equaling that of our own times, may be judged by the employment of the slaves, as we already showed in a previous article, and by such facts as these: Suetonius, Cato, Seneca, Plutarch and Pliny, all tell us that every rich man owned a Family Physician among his household chattels. The great painter, Fabius, surnamed *Pictor*, who, 303 B. C., decorated, at Rome, the Temple of Health, was a slave. So, too, was Vitruvius, the immortal architect of the Pantheon, and author of a great work on architecture, which has been, during this century, translated and published in English and in German, for the use of modern architects—not yet slaves. There were also slave-shopkeepers, agents, brokers and merchants of all degrees. To show what sort of stuff household slaves were sometimes made of among these enlightened Romans, we find in Cornelius Nepos that the footmen of Atticus could marvellously well act as readers and copyists for their master.

The prices current of the human flesh-and-blood market of Rome presented ordinarily much higher quotations than that of Greece, of which we have already adduced a few examples. The Roman slave-dealers were called *Lanistæ*, literally *fleshsellers*. Plutarch quotes field-hands as having brought $250 each in Cato's time. But the Roman, like the Grecian and like our own southern prices for feminine beauty, were infinitely higher than for merely able-bodied working people. For luxurious articles of this sort there was no fixed market value. Martial speaks of a young lady fetching 100,000 sesterces ($5,000). Pliny relates that one Toranius sold to one Antonius a pair of very lovely twin sisters at the same enormous rate—200,000 sesterces for the pair ($5,000 apiece). The price of a very charming girl bought by a harlot is mentioned by Plautus as being very low at 4,000 sesterces ($200). This certainly was dog-cheap compared with our own southern market, where it would be considered a great bargain at ten times the sum.

We can arrive at the price of a Roman fisherman by a quotation from Juvenal, describing a banquet where there was a turbot which cost 6,000 sesterces ($300); he says:

Potuit fortunasse minores
Piscator quam pisces emi.

That is: the fisherman would have cost less than the fish. So, too, we can find how much a common soldier was worth from Pliny, who says that nightingales cost more than common soldiers, in his time, one of these birds being sold for 6,000 sesterces ($300). A curious estimate of value this, and one which makes, in comparison to the lustre of life so gained, the funereal hearse pleasant, and the family vault jocund—for there at least the oppressor's hand is stayed and the tears of poor humanity dried in the common dust. Pity thy brother, O, son of Adam! Weigh these in the scale, classic colleges, a turbot and a fisherman, a nightingale and a soldier! Grubbing, as we are, the cruel waters of perdition itself for antecedents to keep in countenance modern Slavery—for, is not the chief argument of its supporters that it has *always* existed, even in classic Greece and heroic Rome?—we shall soon cease our examination of antique honours, as they are too repulsive to be long dwelt upon. But for a few more examples of the system "which must always exist," and is "destined to compass the North": The Roman auctions were, it seems, conducted in the same manner with those of "our southern brethren"—for Suetonius relates a joke, played upon Saturninus, who, falling asleep at a sale, the noddings of his head were taken by the auctioneer as bids on a choice lot of thirteen gladiators, who were knocked down to him at 9,000,000 sesterces, $450,000. But to their credit be it spoken, the Roman price for literary and learned men was above the Grecian, for instead of one of this class being worth, as at Athens, no more than "a good horse," we find him in Rome as valuable as a racer. Seneca "the moralist!" gives the price of a literary man bought by Sabinus at 100,000 sesterces ($5,000). This is a higher figure than a Northern doughfaced editor, even the best brawler for Kansas-Nebraska and Slavery, would fetch if brought to the auction-block at Charleston or New Orleans.

To show the downward course of a people once accustomed to Slavery, we have only to instance the blood-hounds advertised in the South to catch slaves under circumstances that, to use early lyrical language, should make the stars shrink into their hallowed dome, afraid to look upon cruelty so awful and hypocrisy so enormous, in this "land of the free and home of the brave." As the race to shame is headlong in the South, where morals of ensanguined pirates are taking the place of the mild dialectics of a Washington, or the fervid invocations of a Jefferson, in favour of abolition, so was Rome hurled down the precipice of shame and ruin. We only need to contemplate the encroachments of that power in the seven-hilled city, if we would rear a monument of warning for ourselves. When gladiatorial shows were first instituted in Rome, the people regarded them with horror; but once accustomed to such bloody sights, they became infatuated with them, and soon the Roman politician and office-holder who found the most favour with the people was the one who provided for them the largest number of gladiators to be murdered at the public shows. Cæsar, when Ædile, in the beginning of his career, gave the people such hosts of gladiators to be murdered, that the Senate became affrighted and limited him to the number of 320 couples for any one fight. But when this finished gentleman and masterly historian returned from his last triumph, not being restrained, he gave in the arena, to the infinite delight of the Roman people, a perfect imitation of a battle—a terrible slaughter of men, horses and elephants. We do not find recorded the exact number of men and beasts slaughtered on this occasion for the amusement of Rome's citizens; but how great it was may be judged from the fact that, on another occasion, Trajan caused 10,000 captives to slay one another in the arena. Suetopius thus describes the spectacle: "*Spectacula assidue magnifica et sumptuosa edidit. Venationes gladiatoresque et noctibus ad lycnos; nec virorum modo pugnas sed ad feminarum*," etc. A fight by a day and night, by men and women! A law was passed interdicting candidates from giving such shows, pending the election canvass. But notwithstanding legal restrictions, the people sold themselves to the candidate who would promise them the greatest gladiatorial slaughter; till, as Tacitus relates, the price of the quæstorship was the magnificence of the combats the quæstorship was to give. From having in the beginning looked with horror at a single gladiatorial combat, the people by degrees became hardened, till at least they found their chief delight in witnessing wholesale carnage in the arena. At last simply viewing such sights did not satisfy them, and we find the sun of Rome ultimately extinguished in blood, the free people of their own accord entering the arena to kill one another, and even an Emperor fighting among them.

In order that the excitements of the arena should not eclipse those of the theatre, the most literary and refined classes were provided there with equally fascinating recreations of the demoniac order. The tragedies of the death of Hercules in flames; of Atys attacked by a wild boar; of Prometheus chained to a rock, with a vulture knawing his vitals, etc.; were given with human victims, with slight changes of text when needed—as in the representations of Prometheus, where the vulture was replaced by a wild beast. These victims were either criminals or slaves condemned to such death simply at a master's will or caprice. One master, Manutius Basilius, is especially mentioned for the atrocious manner in which he mutilated his slaves by way of punishment for their faults. There was no law to prevent him. The slaves were his for use or abuse. So says Seneca: "*Quum in servum omnia liceant.*" Another Roman, Vedius, amused himself by feeding wild beasts with his slaves. This was their punishment for the slightest offence. At a feast given by this gentleman to the Emperor Augustus—he being in the first society—a slave accidentally broke a crystal vase. Immediately the slave threw himself at the Emperor's feet and implored that Vedius should not condemn him to be eaten—these are the very words of Seneca—*ne esca fieret*. Augustus was so indignant that he broke all the vases of Vedius and protected the slave, but it is not related that he otherwise punished the master. And how much better was Augustus than Vedius? This we may learn from Plutarch, who tells us that Augustus had his man of business, Eros, crucified to the mast of his ship, because the slave killed a very valuable fighting bird.—*Tribune.*

[☞ The attentive reader of the Fourth Page of the *Standard* may have observed that we are pretty frequent Copyists from that excellent, and in its way, indeed, unrivalled, publication, Dickens's *Household Words*. In using it again this week we take occasion to say, by way of apology, to those who may think that we serve them with the stale matter of an American Reprint, that we copy always from the English edition, and in advance, therefore, of the American publication.]

HOLLAND HOUSE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS—CHAPTER THE FIRST.

Holland House is the only important mansion, venerable for age and appearance, now to be found in the neighbourhood of London. There has been talk more than once of pulling it down; but every feeling of memory seems to start, up at the threat, and cry, No, No! The cry is not only one of the utmost parliamentary propriety: the weight of the whole voice of the metropolis may be said to be in it; nay, of the nation itself; and even of the civilised world; for what court or diplomatist that knows of the "Whigs," knows not of "Holland House?" It is not handsome; it is not ancient; but it is of an age sufficient to make up for want of beauty; it shows us how our ancestors built before Shakespeare died; a crowd of the reigning wits and beauties of that and every succeeding generation passes through it to the "mind's eye," brilliant with life and colour; and there it stands yet, on its old rising ground, with its proper accompaniment of sward and trees, to gratify everybody who can appreciate it, and shame any one who would do it wrong.

The upper apartments of Holland House are on a level with the stone gallery of the dome of St. Paul's. Their front windows command a fine view of the Surrey hills; as those at the back do of Harrow, Hampstead, and Highgate. The aged look of the exterior is more precious to the antiquary, inasmuch as with the exception of a staircase or so, it is the only part of its antiquity remaining. The interior has long been so modernised, that a lover of old times is grieved to find not a single room in it which brings them before him. There is little which is older than the youth of the late lord, and much that has been further modernised by the present. The fact is, that the house had become so neglected during the nonage of the former, in consequence of the reckless expenditures of the first lord and his son Charles (the great Whig leader) that there was talk of converting it into a workhouse. Lord Holland, a respecter of old associations, and of the pleasures of other people, saved it; and this circumstance should be counted among the claims to respect of his own genial memory.

Of the lawn, or rather meadow, which lies in front of Holland House, there is a tradition that Cromwell and Ireton conferred in it, as a place in which they could not be overheard. From circumstances hereafter to be noticed, the tradition is probable. It shows that whatever the subject of the conference may have been, they could not have objected to being seen; for there was no wall, nore were there even trees, we believe, at that time in front of the house, and we may fancy royalists riding by, on their road to Brentford, where the king's forces were defeated, trembling to see the two grim republicans laying their heads together.

The grounds at the back of the house are more extensive than might be supposed, and contain many fine old trees of various kinds, with spots of charming seclusion. The portion nearest the house presents an expanse of turf of the most luxurious description, with a noble elm tree upon it, and an alcove facing the west, in which there is a couplet that was put up by the late lord in honour of Mr. Rogers, and a copy of verses by Mr. Luttrell, expressing his inability to emulate the poet. The couplet is as follows:

"Here Rogers sat, and here for ever dwell
To me, those pleasures that he sang so well."
VLL. HD.

Inscriptions challenge comments; brief ones, it is thought, ought in particular to be faultless; seats in summer time, and loungings about on luxurious lawns (half an hour before dinner), beget the most exacting criticisms; and thus a nice question has arisen, whether the relative pronoun in this couplet ought to be *that* or *which*. Our first impression was in favour of *that*; but happening to repeat the lines next morning while in the act of waking, we voluntarily said *which*; upon which side of the question we are accordingly prepared to fight, with all the inveteracy of deserters from the other.

Lord Holland's couplet is in the simple and tranquil taste which he had so much right to admire; Mr. Luttrell's verses, which are a score longer, would have been improved by compression. But see how pleasant and readable are one or two natural expressions:

* * * *

"Well, now I am fairly installed in the bower,
How lovely the scene! how propitious the hour!
The breeze is perfumed, from the hawthorn it stirs,
All is silent around me—but nothing occurs;
Not a thought I protest, though I'm here and alone,
Not a chance of a couplet that Rogers would own;
Though my senses are rapt'ur'd, my feelings in tune,
And Holland's my host, and the season is June.
* * * *
So I rise, since the Muses continue to frown,
No more of a poet than when I sat down."

Beyond this mossy lawn is the open undulating ground, terminated by the Uxbridge Road, with which the people have become acquainted by means of the Highland Pastimes; along its eastern side is a rustic lane, furnishing a long, leafy walk; on the western side of the house are small gardens, both in new and old styles, the work of the late Lady Holland, and the latter very proper, both as a variety from the former, and as a fitting accompaniment to the old house. It is also pleasant to fancy in what sort of way our grandmothers and great-grandmothers, the Chloes and Delias of the eighteenth century, enjoyed their flower-beds. In one of these gardens was raised the first specimen of that beautiful flower the dahlia, which the late Lord Holland is understood to have brought from Spain; by another, on a pedestal, is a colossal bust of Napoleon by a pupil of Canova; further west, towards the Addison Road, are the moats; which (to say nothing of the evidence furnished by an apocryphal bit of brickwork that accompanies them) are looked upon as the site of the older mansion belonging to the De Veres; and further still, a few years ago, was a classical altar, erected by the same lord in memory of the fate of Lord Camelford, a man half out of his wits, who was killed on this spot in a duel which he insisted on provoking. The altar was an ancient Roman one, erected on a modern base, and was inscribed with an expiatory dedication to departed souls, or the gods who preside over places of the dead—a curious instance of classical "making belief"—or playing at Paganism on a serious occasion. Lord Camelford's body, however, was not under the altar. With the passion for going to extremes, which characterised him, he directed that it should be buried under a tree in a solitary spot in Switzerland which had interested him during his travels. He was a Pitt, nephew to the great Earl of Chatham, who wrote him letters when a boy. The poor youth, who came to his end before he was thirty, was wildness itself in many respects, though he was fond of serious studies. His manners were perfect at times, but at others would burst out into arrogance and insolence. He was yet a Christian, it is said, upon conviction, and yet could quarrel with a man about a trifle, and insist upon fighting him, notwithstanding all that could be done to adjust the difference. The reason he gave was, that his antagonist was too good a shot to make it up with. This antagonist was a Mr. Best. Lord Camelford went up to him in Stevens's Hotel in Bond Street, and addressed him in the following placid words: "Mr. Best, I am glad to see you face to face, and to tell you, you are an infamous scoundrel." He afterwards confessed that he had been the aggressor.

But, an old house is not perfect without a ghost; Holland House has two. They do not indeed haunt it, and were very transient in their appearance; but they will serve to give a bit of ghostly interest to the spot, for those whose imaginations like to "catch a fearful joy" on such points. The account is in Aubrey's Miscellanies, which were written in the reign of William the Third.

"The beautiful Lady Diana Rich, daughter to the Earl of Holland, as she was walking in her father's garden at Kensington, to take the fresh air before dinner, about eleven o'clock, being then very well, met with her own apparition, habit and everything, as in a looking-glass. About a month after she died of the small-pox. And it is said that her sister, the Laby Isabella Thynne, saw the like of herself, also before she died. This account I had from a person of honour."

Aubrey, though his gossip is valuable to a lover of books, was credulous to excess. Nicolai, the German bookseller, was in the habit of seeing hosts of spectral men and women pass through his room; and a sick young lady, just dressed for dinner, and full of thoughts of herself, sickly or otherwise, might as well see her own image as that of anyone else. The Lady Isabella Thynne, here mentioned, wife of one of the ancestors of the Marquess of Bath, is mentioned in another of Aubrey's books (the Lives and Letters of Eminent Men) as addicted to anything but ghostly communications. She and a friend of hers, he says, while on a visit to Oxford, used to come to morning prayers at Trinity College Chapel, "half-dressed, like angels." She would also make her entrance upon the college walks, with a "lute playing before her;" and must have been a great puzzle to the college ethics, for she is described as possessing all kinds of virtues but one. She is the "Lady Isabella" whose playing on the lute is recorded in a set of complimentary verses by Waller:

"The trembling strings about her fingers crowd,
And tell their joy for every kiss aloud:
Small force there needs to make them tremble so:
Touch' by that hand, who would not tremble too?"

We think we have read somewhere, but cannot call to mind in what book, that she suffered a good deal of affliction before she died.

We just now regretted, that the interior of Holland House has been so modernised, as, with little exception, to retain no appearance of the antiquity to be expected from its appearance outside. We found, nevertheless, so much to interest us in it (the conversation included of the gallant kinsman of the family, who was so kind as to be our cicerone) that, as is too often the case with something one is bent upon recollecting, we forget to ask for the chamber in which Addison died. We believe, however, it is among the few apartments that are not shown. Among those which are, is Charles Fox's bed-room; that of Mr. Rogers (a frequent visitor), with a poet's view over the country towards Harrow; and that of Sheridan, in the next room to which a servant was regularly in attendance all night; partly to furnish, we believe, a bottle of champagne to the thirsty orator in case he should happen to call for one betwixt his slumbers (at least we heard so a long while ago, and it was quite in keeping with his noble host's hospitality; but we forgot to verify the anecdote on this occasion) and partly (of this there is no doubt) to secure the bed-curtains from being set on fire by his candle. A pleasanter apartment to contemplate, was the one in which Lord Holland used to hear his children say their lessons, and induct them into the beauties of Spenser—an unexpected trait in the predilection of a man of a letters brought up in the town tastes of the eighteenth century. But his Uncle Charles was fond of Spenser; and so was Burke, and the great Earl of Chatham. It is difficult to hinder great men from discerning the merits of greatness. The poetry of Spenser was to their other books what their parks and retirements were to the town itself.

The library must originally have been a place for exercise; for, in its first condition, it appears to have been scarcely anything but windows; and it is upwards of ninety feet long, by only seventeen feet four inches wide, and fourteen feet seven inches in height. The moment one enters it, one looks at the two ends, and thinks of the tradition about Addison's pacings in it to and fro. It represents him as meditating his Spectators between two bottles of wines, and comforting his ethics by taking a glass of each, as he arrived at either end of the room. The regularity of this procedure is, of course, a jest; but the main circumstance is not improbable, though Lord Holland seems to have thought otherwise. He says (for the words in Faulkner's Kensington are evidently his): "Fancy may trace the exquisite humour which enlivens his papers to the mirth inspired by wine; but there is too much sober, good sense in all his lucubrations, even when he indulges most in pleasantry, to allow us to give implicit credit to a tradition invented probably as excuse for intemperance by such as can empty two bottles of wine, but never produce a Spectator or a Freeholder."

The collection of books is celebrated for its abundance of Italian and Spanish authors, the former in particular. Among the curiosities in other languages are an Editio Princeps of Homer, which belonged to Fox; a copy of the same poet belonging to Sir Isaac Newton, with a distich in his handwriting on the fly-leaf; and a singularly interesting one of Camoens, which it is alleged must have been in the hands of the poet himself. At the bottom of the title-page is a painful corroboration of the statements respecting his end. It is a manuscript note in an old Spanish hand, stating, that the writer "saw him die in a hospital, without even a blanket to cover him." "He did this," says he, "after having triumphed in the East (Camoens served in various expeditions), and traversed five thousand five hundred leagues of ocean: and all for what, but to study day and night to no better purpose than spiders to catch flies?"

There are several curious manuscripts in the library, particularly three autograph letters of Petrarch, three autograph plays of Lope De Vega, the original copy of a play of the younger Moratin, and the music of Metastasio's Olimpiade beautifully written out by Jean Jacques Rosseau, at the time when that "shaker of the thrones of Europe" got his livelihood by work of that kind.

The collection of pictures is not remarkable, except as containing a greater number of portraits of men of letters, Italians in particular, than is to be found perhaps in any other private abode. Among them is Addison when he was young (a handsome face); Alfieri (in miniature), the Italian tragic poet, who was some time in England; his wife (another miniature), the Countess of Albany, widow of the Pretender (a princess of the house of Stolberg); Sir Philip Francis; Robespierre (miniature), with his pert insignificant look, on which nobody would have guessed that so much tragedy was hanging; Jerome Bonaparte (a narrow-minded repulsive countenance); two portraits, large and small, if we mistake not, of the Duchess of Portsmouth (Louise de Querouaille, Charles the Second's mistress), quite making out, in one of them, the "baby face," of which Evelyn accuses her (nobody would have taken her for an ancestress of the manly-visaged Foxes); many portraits of the rest of the family; a fine one of Talleyrand, by Schetter, and one, by Gerard, of Napoleon at Fontainebleau. There are also busts of Napoleon, of Machiavel, and of Henry the Fourth, the last "looking like a goat;" a curious painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, consisting of whole-length portraits of Charles Fox when a youth, with his fair relatives, Lady Sarah Lenox and Lady Susan Strangeways; and another, by Hogarth, representing Dryden's play of the Indian Emperor, performed by children, one of whom is a grand-niece of Sir Isaac Newton, whose bust is on the chimney-piece. The play was performed for the amusement of the Duke of Cumberland, who is seated accordingly; and the governess playing with one of the children is Lady Deloraine.

We now come, not only to the possessors of the present house, but to those of the one that preceded it; and there must go a good way back, before we return to the Foxes.

We have seen, in a former article, that with the exception of an Anglo-Saxon in the time of Edward the Confessor, of whom nothing further is mentioned, and of the Bishop of Coutances, to whom William the Conqueror gave it with power to alienate, the De Veres, Earls of Oxford, were the earliest recorded possessors of the manor of Kensington, and seated probably on the spot in question.

It is not ascertained that such was the case; but as the property was valuable, was convenient for its neighbourhood to London, and seems to be implied as residential in the name of the adjoining locality, Earl's Court, that is to say, the Court for administering the Earl's property or jurisdiction, it is extremely improbable that none of the family ever occupied it. It was associated with their name from the time of William the Conqueror to that of James the First. Aubrey de Vere, its first holder under the Bishop, must needs have visited his property some time or other, or for what did he come with the Conqueror into England? The ancient manor-house that stood not far from the present Holland House, must have been built for somebody; and visions of Aubrey and his successors, however transient, naturally present themselves to the eye of the local antiquary.

This Aubrey de Vere came from Holland with the first William, as countrymen of his did afterwards with William the Third. He died, however, a monk; perhaps out of penitence for the wrongs which he had committed as a soldier. The title of Earl of Oxford came into the family with his grandson. Almost all his successors were stirring soldiers and influential subjects. One of them was a Magna Charta baron; another a commander at the battles of Cressy and Poiters; another at Agincourt; another was the great lord who received Henry the Seventh at his house with such a magnificent show of retainers, and who, notwithstanding his having been one of the chief instruments in setting that money-scraper on the throne, was fined by his sharp-eyed and shabby visitor, for entertaining him at a cost beyond the law. The family branched out into many worthies, a daughter of one of whom, the "starry Vere" of some noble verses by Marvell, was the lady Fairfax who gave that brave contradiction, in Westminster Hall, to the assertion that all the people of England were indicters of Charles the First—"No! not the hundredth part of them." In short, the word Vere was almost synonymous in English history with whatever was noble and dignified, when in its twentieth Earl of Oxford it came to a sorry end in the person of a profligate time-server, who accommodated himself to every event in succession—Tory, Commonwealth, and Whig—and crowned his anti-heroical achievements by cheating an actress with a false marriage. The Kensington property, however, was saved the disgrace of belonging to this scoundrel; for he died long after it had been carried, by a co-heiress, into the families of Argyle and others, who sold it to Sir Walter Cope, the builder of Holland House.

But before we part with the Veres we have a quarrel to pick with the whole of them, or rather with their name, and with the Vere, whoever he was, who first gave them their motto, *Vera, nihil verius*—Nothing truer than true; that is to say, *pun-ically* speaking. Nothing more veritable than Vere. For the fact is, saving their lordship's valours (and we think we see their dust redden as we say it—but it is the inventor's fault, not ours) the motto is false. Vere does not mean "true." The family came from Holland; the word in Dutch is written Weer—it is the name of the place in the isle of Walcheren, which the owners quitted for drier quarters; and the word means neither more nor less than the same word in English—weir or wear, that is to say, a dam, fish-trap, or flood-gate. "Aubrey de Vere" is as fine an aristocratical sound as can well be imagined, and it is a pity to spoil it; but truth must be told. Aubrey de Vere means Aubrey of the dam, fish-trap, or flood-gate.

In short, the Veres originated with the coasters or others, whoever they were—a hardy, painstaking race. It may be added, to complete the notice of the Veres, that the present representative of the race is the Beauclerk family, the daughter of the last lord having married the first Duke of St. Albans, the son of Charles the Second by Nell Gwynn. The two fathers, it is to be feared, helped to spoil, for a time, the blood of the actress; for Sidney Beauclerk, their grandson (father of Johnson's Topham Beauclerk), is said to have been as great a "raf" as either of them, without inheriting any of the royal wit. This could not be said of Topham, however he might have resembled the king in more respects than one; for though Johnson, in one of the most extraodinary compliments on record, told him "his body was all vice," he added that "his mind was all virtue;" a combination of totals which, to the doctor's surprise, Beauclerk did not seem happy to admit.

But we are losing sight of Holland House. Sir Walter Cope, the purchaser of the Vere property in Kensington, seems to have been one of the money-getters, who profited by the endeavours which James the First made to supply his lavish exchequer without the help of a Parliament. He built the house, or rather the main body of the house (the centre and turrets), about the year sixteen hundred and seven, and bequeathed it to Henry Rich, Earl of Holland, as the husband of his daughter and heiress, Isabella. The wings and arcades were added by the earl.

This Earl of Holland was the younger son of Robert Rich, first Earl of Warwick, by Penelope, daughter of Queen Elizabeth's Earl of Essex, the Stella of Sir Philip Sidney. He was a handsome, showy man; was a favourite with James's favourite, the Duke of Buckingham; and had the reputation of being more than in the good graces of Charles the First's queen; probably for no other reason than his having fetched her as a bride from France, and been coxcombical in his attentions on the way. He and his friend, Hay, Earl of Carlisle, were the twin stars of the great world, next after their patron Buckingham; and Holland House, during the prosperous portion of Rich's career, must have entertained in its saloons all the rank and fashion of the time. Among others came Bassompierre, the French Ambassador, who with the *dandy* indifference of his countrymen respecting the orthographies of other countries, or being too fine a gentleman to hear the word properly from the first, has recorded Kensington under the mincing appellation of *Stintinton*.

"Wednesday 25.—Dined yesterday with the Earl of Holland at Stintinton."*

Unfortunately, Rich's coxcombry made him oversensitive to what he thought attentions or the reverse from ruling powers, and in the Civil Wars he went to and fro in his partisanship with so provoking a caprice, now playing the part of a knight-errant for king and queen, and now sulking at Holland House, and receiving visits from the disaffected for some imaginary affront, that when the Parliament at last seized him and put him to death for making a stand against the death of the king, his end was a grief to nobody. Foppish to the last, he died in a white satin waistcoat, and a cap ditto with silver lace.

Five months after the earl's execution Holland House was occupied by the Parliamentary General Fairfax, husband of the "starry Vere," who thus found herself, under very extraordinary circumstances, contemplating the property of her ancestors. At this period we are to suppose Cromwell and Ireton conferring on the lawn. The mansion, however, was soon restored to the earl's widow and her children; and from that time it remained quietly in the possession of the family, almost as long as they lasted. The earl and his wife, like the extinguished court, had been friends of the drama: and for a few days during the first establishment of the republic, and a longer period in the reign of Cromwell, the players, who had been great loyalists, and who contrived to perform secretly now and then at noblemen's houses, where purses were collected for their benefit, found special encouragement in the house before us.

From the Restoration to the time of the Georges, Holland House appears to have been let by the noble owners on short leases, and to a variety of persons; sometimes in apartments to lodgers, or, more probably, a friend was now and then accommodated for nothing. The most interesting of its temporary lodgers was Morice's friend Shippen, the famous Jacobite, interrogated by Pope for his sincerity.

"I love to pour out all myself as plain
As downright Shippen, or as old Montaigne;
In them, as certain to be loved as seen,
The soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within."

No wonder that such a man drew houses when he spoke in Parliament, and that none but the stupid kept away.

"More loves the youth, just come to his estate,
To range the fields, than in the House debate;
More he delights in fav'rite Jowler's tongue,
Than in Will Shippen, or Sir William Yonge."
—*Bramston's Art of Politics.*

Very different persons, however, were honest Will Shippen and unprincipled William Yonge, of whom Sir Robert Walpole said that "nothing but his talents could have supported his character, and nothing but his character have kept down his talents." Shippen had talents and character both—the latter of the highest description. Though not so poor as Andrew Marvell, nor on minor points, perhaps, so uncompromising, he was nevertheless to the Whigs of the reign of George the First what Marvell had been to the Tories of Charles and James—the eloquent, witty, open-hearted, and upon the whole, incorruptible partisan. When asked how he should vote, he would say, "I cannot tell until I hear from Rome." At Rome resided the Pretender. Sir Robert Walpole observed of him, and of Parliament in general, "I will not say who are to be corrupted, but I will say who is incorruptible; and that is Shippen." Shippen, in turn, would say of Sir Robert, "Robin and I are two honest men. He is for King George, and I for King James; but those men with the long cravats (meaning Sandys, Rushout, and others) they only desire places, either under King George or King James." He was sent to the Tower for saying of King George (who could not speak English), that "the only infelicity of His Majesty's reign was, that he was unacquainted with our language and constitution." Both sides of the House wished him to soften the expression, but he declined. The Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Second, who was at variance with the king, sent a person to him with the offer of a thousand pounds (as a "convenience," we suppose, during his imprisonment); but it was not to be expected that he who would not subject himself to influence for love, would do it for money. Sir Robert Walpole intercepted a letter written to him by the Pretender, and put it, himself, into his hands. It must have been of a description more than usually perilous, considering how openly Shippen talked of his correspondence with the exile. Sir Robert took the opportunity of saying that he did not expect to alter the other's sentiments, but would hope for his support in case of being personally attacked. To this Shippen agreed, but remained in all other respects the same man. He was son of a country clergyman, and possessed a moderate independence; but married a Northumberland heiress, who turned out unworthy of him.

In sixteen hundred and eighty-nine, King William the Third went to look at Holland House, with the view of taking it; but he preferred the house of the Earl of Nottingham, which thus became the Palace. Probably, however, the rooms were larger in the Nottingham house, and so were better to begin with. Perhaps also William did not find the grounds about Holland House flat enough to suit his Dutch predilections.

Nothing seems known of Robert, second Earl of Holland, who had quietly succeeded his father, except that, in failure of the elder branch of the family, he also succeeded as fifth of Earl of Warwick, the title being thenceforth the conjoined one of Warwick and Holland. His son and successor, Edward, married Charlotte, daughter of Sir Thomas Myddleton of Chirk Castle in the county of Flint; a lady, whose name and origin we mention, because after the earl's death she became the wife of Addison. Edward Henry her son, the next earl, is the youth whose statue in Kensington church has been noticed in a former article. He was succeeded by another Edward, his kinsman; and the daughter and only child of this nobleman dying unmarried, the title became extinct. This was in the year seventeen hundred and fifty-nine. The house fell into the possession of his cousin, William Edwardes, a Welsh gentleman, whose father had married the daughter of the first Earl of Warwick and Holland, and who, in the year seventeen hundred seventy-six, was created Baron Kensington; but fourteen years previous he had sold the family mansion to the first Lord Holland of the Fox family, by whom the title had been consequently allowed to be taken; and in the possession of this distinguished race it remains.

Addison, notwithstanding the popularity of the Foxes, is still the greatest celebrity of Holland House. His death in it is its greatest event. Places in the vicinity are named after him; and the favourite record of its library is the tradition, before mentioned, of the bottle of wine at each end of it, by which he is said to have refreshed his moralities, while concocting their sentences to and fro.

It is added, unfortunately, that Addison drank the more because he was unhappily married. The question is still discussed, and will probably never be settled. The received opinion is, that Addison's marriage with the Countess of Warwick originated in his being tutor to her son; that the Countess became ashamed of it, as a descension from her rank; and that their lives were rendered unhappy in consequence. The prevalence of this opinion appears to have been owing to Johnson's Lives of the Poets, in which the case is stated with so evident a willingness to believe it, that people in general, who are ready enough to fall in with such an inclination, have overlooked the manifest assumptions on which it is founded, and the "saids" and "perhapses" with which it is qualified. Setting aside higher points of view on such questions, there is, in fact, no proof that Addison was tutor to the young Earl, or that the Countess felt any regret for the marriage on the score of rank. Tutorship, had he been a tutor, need not have hindered him from making a pleasant husband. Tutors have married highly, before and since, and have become lords and archbishops; and though the lady was a countess by marriage, her birth was but that of a baronet's daughter. The truth of the matter we take to have been, that the match was unsuitable on very ordinary grounds. The lady was well and merry; the gentlemen fit only to muse. Addison died at the end of three years. And hence (as Johnson would have been the first to say, had anybody provoked him to differ with the other opinion)—hence all this mighty fuss, sir, about a tutor, and a countess, and the punctilios of rank.

Mighty versions are often given to things that have quite another significancy. It has been questioned of late under what real impulse another circumstance occurred, which is connected with Addison and Holland House. We allude to the famous words which he is said to have addressed in his last moments to the young Earl of Warwick: "See in what peace a Christian can die." The story originated with Young, who said he had it from Tickell; adding, that the Earl led an irregular life, and that Addison wished to reclaim him. But according to Malone, who was a scrupulous inquirer, there is no evidence of the Earl's having led any such life; and Walpole, in one of his letters that were published not long ago, startled—we should rather say shocked—the world, by telling them that Addison "died of brandy." It is acknowledged by his best friends, that the gentle moralist, whose bodily temperment was as sorry a one as his mind was otherwise, had gradually been tempted to stimulate it with wine, until he became intemperate in the indulgence. It is impossible to say what other stimulants might not gradually have crept in; nor is it improbable that, during the patient's last hours, the physician himself might have ordered them. Addison, therefore, may have had some stimulus given him, whatever it was, not because he had contracted a habit which he could not leave off, and so "died of it," but because, like many a sober man before him, he had not strength enough to speak without it. Again, he might or might not have known the nature of the draught, yet still have regarded his peace of mind as a thing apart from the composure of his nerves, and justly founded on what had been a conviction of his life. He might have said to himself, "Nothing can compose me longer, but my religious belief. Let me show in this last trial, how tranquillising it can be." It is in vain that we fancy the light spirit of Walpole laughing at us for these considerations—saying to us, "Oh, what need of words? He died drunk and maudlin, and there's an end." We cannot thus consent to think the worst, instead of best, of a man who has given the world so much instruction and entertainment, and whose Christianity, at all events, was of a kind superior to vulgar intolerances, and who was disposed to think the best of most things.

Good words are good things; yet good deeds are better. Addison, we doubt not, had his rights of comfort from both; yet there is one thing which we could have preferred his doing in his last hours, to anything which he may have said. It is the amends which, for some mysterious reason or other, he said he would have made to Gay, "if he lived." The story, as related by Pope, is, that "a fortnight before Addison's death, Lord Warwick came to Gay, and pressed him in a very particular manner to go and see Mr. Addison, which he he had not done for a great while. Gay went, and found Addison in a very weak way. Addison received him in the kindest manner, and told him that he had desired this visit to beg his pardon; that he had injured him greatly; but that if he lived, he should find that he would make it up to him. Gay, on his going to Hanover, had great reasons to hope for some good preferment; but all those views came to nothing. It is not impossible but that Mr. Addison might prevent them, from his thinking Gay too well with some of the former ministry. He did not at all explain himself in what he had injured him; and Gay could not guess at anything else in which he could have injured him so considerably." Now it surely would have been better, if instead of stopping at Gay's pardon of him, which of course the good-natured poet heartily gave (we fancy we see him coming out of Holland House with the tears in his eyes), Addison had followed it up with making the amends while he could; or, better still, had he secured the amends beforehand, in order to warrant his asking the pardon. It may be said, that he might have been unable. Perhaps so. But still he might have given proofs that he had done his best.

Addison, it must be owned, did not shine during his occupation of Holland House. He married, and was not happy; he was made Secretary of State, and was not a good one; he was in Parliament, and could not speak in it; he quarrelled with, and even treated contemptuously, his old friend and associate, Steele, who declined to return the injury. Yet there, in Holland House, he lived and wrote, nevertheless, with a literary glory about his name which never can desert the place; and to Holland House, while he resided in it, must have come all the distinguished men of the day; for, though a Whig, he was personally "well in," as the phrase is, with the majority of all parties. He was in communication with Swift, who was a Tory, and with Pope, who was neither Tory nor Whig. It was now that the house and its owners began to appear in verse. Rowe addressed stanzas to Addison's bride; and Tickell after his death thus touchingly apostrophises the place:

"Thou hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,
Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race;
Why, once so loved, whene'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eyeballs glance the sudden tears?"

It seems to have been in Holland House (for he died shortly afterwards) that Addison was visited by Milton's daughter, when he requested her to bring him some evidences of her birth. The moment he beheld her, he exclaimed, "Madam, you need no other voucher; your face is a sufficient testimonial whose daughter you are." It must have been very pleasing to Addison to befriend Milton's daughter; for he had been the first to popularize the great poet by his critiques on Paradise Lost in the Spectator.

Besides Holland House, Addison possessed a mansion of his own at Bilton in Warwickshire, which was afterwards occupied by his daughter, who lived to a great age. He deserved to possess a good house and grounds; for he understood the elegancies of such things, and the tranquil pleasures of the country. The illustrious inhabitant of Kensington watched with interest the improvement of the royal grounds in that quarter; and was the first to propose that "Winter garden" to horticulturists in general, which we trust to see realized, with a world of their desirables, in the great structure at Sydenham.

* So, on a visit to him at Hampton Court, he calls that village *Imtincourt*—

"Went to see the Earl of Holland, who was sick at *